

THE PROMISE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY PLAYGROUND - DAY

A windy Fall day. A couple of dozen KIDS run around the slides, see-saws, and swings, laughing and screaming.

MOMS sit nearby on benches, or push their kids on swings.

A YOUNG BOY, 4-5 years old, takes his turn down a tall slide. When he lands at the bottom, he immediately begins to run back for another turn.

The Young Boy stops, as though someone had called his name. He slowly turns and looks to his left.

A swirling maelstrom of wind kicks up leaves around the boy. A smile breaks on his face.

INT. PHILADELPHIA - WPHI TELEVISION STUDIOS - NIGHT

SUPER: "FIVE YEARS EARLIER"

A cave-like darkness surrounds a modern-day fire of thirty thousand watts of quartz light searing a news set.

A close quiet accentuates a single voice: Friendly. Authoritative.

MAC (O.S.)

...and while no city government is
without corruption on some level...

Three cameras watch the set, glowing viewfinders floating above them like disembodied eyes.

MAC (O.S.)

...our report tonight on the seemingly
absent integrity of Philadelphia's
law enforcement hierarchy begs the
question:...

The cameras frame MACKENZIE STUART, killer good looks, sartorially perfect in suit and tie, confident in demeanor.

MAC

How long do we, as citizens, offer
our trust blindly? When it comes to
those who are supposed to defend us,
who do we ask to police *them*?

Mac smiles into the lens, which loves him as much as he loves it.

MAC

Food for thought on tonight's edition
of "Philadelphia Journal".

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

Coming up Wednesday night...Ricardo Martinez is three days from execution as the vicious Fairmount Strangler. He continues to claim his innocence. "Journal" will talk with Martinez and let you decide for yourself. Until then, I'm MacKenzie Stuart. Goodnight, Philadelphia.

Everyone holds for a beat. A FLOOR MANAGER rises from a crouch, hand raised.

FLOOR MANAGER

And...we're out. All right people, two minutes 'til "News at Eleven". Let's move it!

Studio lights flood on. TECHNICIANS swarm the set.

Mac immediately moves toward the studio doors, calling into his mic as he pulls it from his tie.

MAC

Holman! You still with me?

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR (O.S.)

(through intercom)

He left on your wrap, Mac.

MAC

Wonderful.

Local news anchor STEVE KELLER, short, slim, and too much makeup, passes Mac on his way to the set.

KELLER

Mac.

MAC

Steve.

KELLER

When you comin' back to hard news, buddy?

MAC

(without looking back)

When you guys stop making a kitten up a tree "hard news".

Mac tosses his mic on a table. As he reaches for the studio door, it bursts open in front of him.

MELISSA GAINES, unpretentious beauty in its early 20s, pulls up short in the doorway.

MELISSA

Oh, good. Mac. Mr. Copeland wants you upstairs right away.

MAC

Why?

MELISSA

Do I look important enough to be entrusted with that information?

Mac and Melissa squeeze together through the studio door.

INT. STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mac beelines up the hall, Melissa struggling to keep up.

MAC

You seen Holman?

MELISSA

Not my job to babysit producers. Please, Mac. Copeland said now. As in...Now.

Halfway up the hall, a door opens and ITO HOLMAN, a small, ruffled Asian man with files in one hand, a clipboard in the other, spots Mac and moves toward him.

MAC

Holman. Talk to me. Martinez.

HOLMAN

(calmly, to Melissa)

Hello, Melissa.

(to Mac)

Mac. Nice broadcast to you too, thank you very much.

MAC

It was a good show, yes.

(right back at it)

But the Martinez thing...?

Holman winks at Melissa, who rolls her eyes.

HOLMAN

Martinez is still in play.

MAC

Wednesday looms, Ito. I need to talk to him.

HOLMAN

Patience. Hutchinson's downtown now.

MAC

You're awfully calm with a guy's life in the balance. Maybe an innocent guy.

HOLMAN

We Asians have inner peace. Don't sweat. It'll happen.

MAC

It better. And when it does, no one else gets it.

HOLMAN

Keller won't like that.

MAC

Tough. Martinez isn't fluff. Keller doesn't have the balls for it.

HOLMAN

And you do, I suppose.

MAC

Come on, Ito.

HOLMAN

Keep your cell with you.
(to Melissa)
Bye, Melissa.

Melissa raises her hand in farewell as Holman shuffles off.

MELISSA

Mac? Copeland? Please? Don't make me look bad.

MAC

You could never look bad, sweetheart.

MELISSA

Stop it. Just go, okay?

Melissa heads down the hall. Mac smiles, shakes his head, then takes the stairs two at a time.

INT. WPHI - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

The look of big money. One wall, solid glass, overlooks the studio. Another is all TV monitors, two dozen different stations playing simultaneously.

Station owner ROBERT COPELAND, silver and sophisticated, guides Mac to a sitting area.

COPELAND

I know you're busy, Mac, but I need to introduce you to someone.

As they approach him, PAUL RICHARDS, sleek and unmistakably corporate, stands.

COPELAND

This is Paul Richards. Paul,
MacKenzie Stuart.

RICHARDS

It's a pleasure, Mr. Stuart.

MAC

Same here. And call me Mac.

COPELAND

Paul's from New York, Mac. He's
with the network.

RICHARDS

Head of Operations.

MAC

(smiles at Copeland)
Station in trouble, Bob?

RICHARDS

Quite the opposite, actually. We at
network tend to look favorably on
the affiliate that's groomed a new
investigative reporter for us.

MAC

Excuse me?

RICHARDS

We like your edge, Mac. How'd you
like to come to New York and do some
pieces for "The Nightly News"?

INT. CLYDE'S - NIGHT

A hip restaurant in leathers and woods, low lighting, sexy
ambiance. It's last-call empty, except for the bar.

CLYDE, the owner, flirts with TWO WOMEN at the end of the
bar. Mac and Keller are halfway down.

Keller's hunkered into a beer, Mac's making notes in a small
notebook. Mac's free hand fiddles with a rubber band,
absentmindedly tying knots in it with three fingers.

KELLER

Just like that, huh? Out of the
blue.

MAC

If you can say working my ass off
for it for twelve years is out of
the blue.

KELLER

When?

MAC

Week or two. They want to watch how the Martinez thing plays, see if I can make a national splash with it.

KELLER

Uh-huh. How's that comin'?

Mac points at his cell phone, resting on the bar.

MAC

Waiting for that to ring.

KELLER

Well, much as I'd like to, I can't wait with you, pal. Got an early call tomorrow.

MAC

Another treed kitten?

Keller stands, tosses some bills on the bar.

KELLER

Fuck you, my friend.

Mac doesn't look up as Keller leaves, but a smile breaks the corner of his mouth.

Clyde, a fit Aussie, sets a glass of scotch in front of Mac.

CLYDE

Look at this place. Word isn't even out yet you're leavin'. Might as well board the joint up.

MAC

You make out fine with the ladies on your own and you know it. You just use me as bait.

CLYDE

Yeah, well, havin' celebrities on your hook's one of the first rules of bar ownership, isn't it? We both made out, Mac. Gonna be tougher on me without ya though...

One of the women at the end of the bar stands. She air kisses and hugs her friend, then heads to the door.

Clyde tosses his chin toward the end of the bar.

CLYDE

See that? Prove's my point.

Clyde leans in, drops his voice, nods imperceptibly toward the remaining Woman.

CLYDE
Last call, Mate.

Mac goes back to his notebook.

MAC
Not interested.

CLYDE
Since when?
(leans in closer)
Name's Cheryl, I b'lieve. Fun
personality, if you know what I mean.
I already chatted ya up.

Mac glances down the bar.

CHERYL's blonde, with beauty that's apparent even in the low light. She wears a full-length fur coat.

Mac looks at Clyde, who winks as he moves away.

Mac sips his scotch, smiles to himself. Then he looks back to Cheryl, raises his glass.

Cheryl smiles, and an eyebrow moves upward oh, so slightly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mac moves up the street, Cheryl tucked into his side.

MAC
Car's in the lot by the Medical
Pavilion. My place okay?

CHERYL
Perfect.

A few paces up the block, JIMMY WINTHROP, paunchy and balding, emerges from the Medical building. He guides his younger sister, JESSE WINTHROP, who leans on her mother, JOAN. They move to a car at the curb.

Jimmy opens the passenger door, and reaches out for Jesse.

As Mac and Cheryl squeeze past, Mac bumps Jesse's shoulder, who turns and looks up at him. Mac glances back at her.

Mac and Jesse's eyes meet and engage. Everything around Mac and Jesse FREEZES and BRIGHTENS, then begins to SPIN, as though a whirlwind has sprung up around them.

Suddenly dizzy, Mac stumbles backward, breaking eye contact with Jesse. The whirlwind dissipates. Cheryl struggles to steady Mac.

CHERYL

Jesus! Mac!

Jesse falls back against the car. Jimmy jumps to catch her.

JIMMY

Jesse!

Jesse tries to find Mac with her eyes, but Jimmy blocks her line of sight. Jimmy eases Jesse into the car, then turns sharply to Mac.

JIMMY

Watch where you're goin', buddy.
Christ!

MAC

Sorry...I didn't--

JIMMY

--Yeah, you bet you didn't! Maybe
you...

Recognition in Jimmy's eyes.

JIMMY

Aw, Jeez. Mac Stuart. Figures.
Shovin' regular people around now?
Slammin' cops not enough for ya?
Well, I'm a cop. Winthrop, Badge
8174. Whyn't you try 'n push me
around, you arrogant--

JESSE

--Jimmy. I'm alright. I'm sure he
didn't mean anything.

JIMMY

It's okay, Sis. He's just leavin'.
(to Mac)
Aren't ya, asshole?

Jimmy closes the passenger door, drills Mac with his eyes.

Cheryl takes Mac's arm, turns him up the street.

CHERYL

C'mon, let's go.
(as they turn away)
You okay?

MAC

Yeah. Got a little lightheaded,
that's all.

Mac glances back as Jimmy's car pulls from the curb. Jesse turns and looks back at Mac as the car moves into traffic.

INT. MAC'S CONDO BEDROOM - NIGHT

A digital clock glows a neon red 4:20.

Cheryl lies asleep, naked under a sheet to her waist.

Mac stands at a large window overlooking the city skyline, a drink in his hand. He glances back at Cheryl, sighs quietly, looks back to the window.

INT. ROWHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jimmy stops at a bedroom door, looks in at Jesse, motionless in her bed. Joan is asleep in a nearby recliner, a blanket to her chin.

Jimmy shakes his head. He quietly closes the door, then moves across the hall to another bedroom, pulling his tie loose as he enters.

INT. HIGH RISE CONDO HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator light dings on, the doors slide open.

JOHN STUART, in a t-shirt, droopy shorts, and black high-tops, strides out of the elevator bouncing a basketball.

John dribbles down the hallway, stops at a pair of double doors. A small sign to the side reads "No.12, STUART."

John reaches above the door jamb, retrieves a key, opens the door and enters.

INT. MAC'S CONDO - DAY

John bounces the ball across the foyer and into the living room, where the television flickers, sound down.

John stops dribbling, bends to pick up a man's shirt. He notices a blouse, then a bra, then a sock -- a trail leading to the closed bedroom doors.

JOHN

Jesus, Mac.

John knocks on the bedroom doors.

JOHN

Hey, little brother! Rise and shine!
Time to get your ass shellacked!

John waits a moment, then bounces the ball off the door.

JOHN

C'mon, Mac! Roundball time!

The door opens. Mac's pulling on a t-shirt, hair tousled, eyes blinking at the light.

MAC
I've gotta hide that key better.

JOHN
Forget I was comin'?

MAC
Got sidetracked a bit.

JOHN
Yeah, well, we gotta go. I have a patient in 90 minutes.

MAC
Look, I have somebody here...

Before he can finish, Cheryl emerges from the bedroom, wrapped in her fur coat. She bends down, picks up the blouse and bra, smiles sheepishly at John.

MAC
Uh...John, this is...uh, Sharon.
Sharon, my brother John.

Cheryl's demeanor stiffens.

CHERYL
(to John)
It's Cheryl. Nice to meet you.

Cheryl grabs her purse from the couch and turns for the door.

MAC
(to Cheryl)
I'll call yo--

CHERYL
--Don't bother.

The door slams behind her.

JOHN
Smooth, Mac. Real smooth.

EXT. MACADAM STREET BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Mac drives hard around his brother for a lay-up. He catches the ball from the net and tosses it to John.

MAC
Five-three.

JOHN
Look, all's I'm saying is that you're nearly 40, Mac. And you're no closer to a satisfying relationship than when you were 18.

MAC

So what?

John tries to post-up Mac, move left, then right, but Mac's got him covered. John finally spins, fades, and drops a long ball.

JOHN

Five-four.

Mac takes the ball back to the top of the key.

JOHN

Love is not a scary word, Mac.

MAC

Save your shrink shit for your patients, John.

JOHN

Gimme a break, will you? I'm just talkin' here.

MAC

(holds the ball)

Look. I know you think I should find someone, settle down. It's working for you -- Judy's fabulous. Great. But it's just not for me.

JOHN

You're afraid of commitment.

Mac bounces the ball to John.

MAC

More shrink bullshit.

JOHN

It's Dad, then. You're afraid--

MAC

--Don't go there.

JOHN

You going to see him before you leave?

MAC

Hadn't thought about it.

John throws the ball back to Mac.

JOHN

Maybe you need to. Maybe that's--

Mac shoots the ball back to John.

MAC

--I said don't go there. I just don't believe in love the way you do, that's all. Not long term, anyway. I'm best on the pick-and-roll, take the shot, move on. I don't believe in a soulmate, okay? Not in my cards.

JOHN

I'm only thinking--

MAC

--Christ, John! We gonna play ball or do you want to pull out a couch and have me lay down and talk about whether Mom loved you more than me?

John fires the ball back to Mac.

JOHN

Fuck you. Five-four. Your possession.

The game continues.

EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY

Mac, in suit and tie, buttons his coat against a strong wind howling down the street.

A passing OLD COUPLE recognize him, wave.

OLD MAN

Good story last night, Mr. Stuart!
Keep it up!

Mac smiles, waves back.

Mac stops at a newsstand on the corner. BENNIE's inside.

BENNIE

Hey, Mac. The usual?

MAC

Whatever you think I should see,
Bennie.

Bennie stacks up several papers. Mac pulls a couple of twenties from his pocket, hands them to Bennie.

MAC

Put the extra in your kid's college
fund.

Bennie nods appreciation. This isn't the first time.

BENNIE

You're the aces, Mac.

MAC

Just two newsmen trying to help each other out.

As Mac folds the papers, a late-model car swings around the corner and rolls up the street. It pulls to the curb in front of the WPHI building.

Through the passenger side window, Jesse Winthrop stares up at the building. She's in business attire, her close-cropped hair neat.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jimmy's behind the wheel. He looks at Jesse.

JIMMY

You sure you want to do this?

Jesse nods.

JIMMY

Maybe you should take a little more time, Jess, you know? You're still weak. I mean, look at last night.

JESSE

No, Jimmy. I've lost enough of my life already.

Jesse twists the rear-view mirror toward herself, rubs the side of her head, moving the short hair, searching.

JESSE

Can you see the scar, Jimmy? Tell me the truth.

Jimmy stares at a purple arc visible in Jesse's hair from her temple to behind her ear. He smiles sadly.

JIMMY

No, Sis. Can't see it.

JESSE

Liar.
(smiles at him)
But thanks.

Jesse opens the car door and steps onto the curb.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jimmy immediately pops out the driver's side of the car.

JIMMY
I'll go in with ya.

JESSE
No. You didn't need to before, you
don't need to now.

A BEAT COP approaches the car as Jesse closes her door.

BEAT COP
(to Jimmy)
Can't park here, buddy.

Jimmy pulls out his badge wallet, flashes it to the cop.

JIMMY
I'm on the Job.

BEAT COP
Sorry, Sergeant. Still can't let
you stay here. Homeland Security
and all. You understand, right?

JIMMY
I'm tryin' to help my sister here,
Officer...

Jesse turns and heads toward the building.

JIMMY
Jesse! Hey, Jesse, wait!

Jesse doesn't look back.

JESSE
Go home, Jimmy. I'm fine.

Jimmy hesitates, then shrugs and climbs in the car.

EXT. WPHI BUILDING - DAY

Jesse stops, takes a deep breath, then moves toward the large revolving doors.

Mac approaches the entrance, several newspapers under one arm, reading one in his hand. He leans into the wind.

Mac and Jesse reach the large revolving doors at the same moment. It's wide enough for two people to enter, side by side.

As they enter the revolving circle, Mac and Jesse's hands touch on the pushbar. The touch makes them glance at each other. Their eyes engage.

Jesse still stares at the floor.

JESSE

Excuse me?

But Jesse doesn't wait for an answer. She bends and picks up her purse, then moves to a nearby bench and sits.

MAC

Nothing. Sorry.

Mac picks up his papers and moves to the bank of elevators.

Mac steps into an elevator car, glances back into the lobby. He sees REGGIE, the Reception Desk Guard, approaching Jesse.

The elevator doors close.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

A soup of motion and sound -- REPORTERS on the phone, RESEARCHERS watching tape, PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS running files from one desk to another.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Mac enters his office. He cracks a bottle of water, chugs it. He blows out a deep breath, rolls his head on his shoulders. When he opens his eyes, Holman's at his door.

HOLMAN

You okay? You look weird.

MAC

I look weird? No mirrors at home?

HOLMAN

Ha Ha. You still interested in Martinez, or your mind already in the Big Apple?

MAC

What do you think?

HOLMAN

I think you wanna go out with a bang, show the network they made the right choice.

MAC

Good thinking.

HOLMAN

Okay. Then figure out what you want to ask Martinez tomorrow.

MAC

He wants to talk?

HOLMAN

He wants to talk.

(hands Mac a thick
file)

About that. Page 18. Halfway down.
I marked it.

MAC

(reading)

"Detective Winthrop..."

(looks up at Holman)

Winthrop? He was the arresting
officer?

HOLMAN

Yeah. Lt. James Winthrop. Why?

MAC

Name's familiar.

(back to reading)

"Winthrop: So you don't know where
you were that night?

Martinez: No. Yes. I mean, part of
it. I just can't--

Winthrop: Where?

Martinez: I was at the hotel where I
work, but then, after...I don't really
know...

Winthrop: Which is it, Martinez? Do
you..."

AUDIO MATCH CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jimmy Winthrop is interrogating RICARDO MARTINEZ, a 30s Mexican who nervously sucks the life out of a cigarette. Jimmy's voice matches, then takes over Mac's reading of Jimmy's words from the transcript.

JIMMY

...or don't you know?

MARTINEZ

I was drinking...

JIMMY

(pressing)

Anyone with you?

MARTINEZ

I don't remember. Maybe I was talking
to someone...I don't know. I was
drunk, man...

Jimmy is suddenly in Martinez's face.

JIMMY

Well, I do know, Martinez. I have two park cops who found you lying in a stupor next to the body of an eighteen year old girl. A girl you strangled, you piece of shit.

MARTINEZ

I didn't strangle nobody, man!

JIMMY

You were there, lyin' next to her!

MARTINEZ

Maybe so, but not when she was killed!

JIMMY

No? Then tell me where you were when she was killed, Martinez.

END FLASHBACK

AUDIO MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Mac's voice, reading from the transcript, takes over.

MAC

"Martinez: I don't remember, goddamn it! I don't remember anything!"
(looks up at Holman)
So...?

HOLMAN

So he remembers.

MAC

He remembers? What's he remember?

HOLMAN

He won't tell anyone but you.

MAC

Me?

HOLMAN

Just you. He doesn't trust the system. He had his PD call Hutch. Hutch called me.

MAC

This's better than we hoped.

HOLMAN

Oh, yeah.

MAC

When?

HOLMAN

Three tomorrow.

MAC

You are a beautiful man.

HOLMAN

(winks)

That's what I see when I look in the mirror at home.

Holman leaves.

Mac moves to the window, thinking. He glances back at the transcript.

Recognition hits.

MAC

Winthrop. Son of a bitch.

Mac quickly leaves his office.

INT. WPHI LOBBY - DAY

Mac stands at the Reception Desk, talking to Reggie.

REGGIE

Pretty girl, right?

MAC

Yeah, I'd say so.

REGGIE

That'd be Miss Jesse. Jesse Winthrop. She went up to International Linguistics on 23. Suite 2360.

Mac's already on his way to the elevators.

INT. INTERNATIONAL LINGUISTICS - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The sign on the door reads, "International Linguistics: Translation, Interpreters."

The RECEPTIONIST, 50s, looks up as Mac enters.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you? Oh...Aren't you...?

MAC

(extends his hand)

MacKenzie Stuart. Nice to meet you.

RECEPTIONIST

Watch you all the time. Feel like I know you.

Mac lights up his on-camera smile for her.

MAC

Listen, I was hoping to speak with Jesse Winthrop. She works here, doesn't she?

RECEPTIONIST

Jesse's one of our interpreters.

MAC

An interpreter?

RECEPTIONIST

Spanish and Portuguese. Are you a friend of hers?

MAC

We just met, actually. Do you think I might have a word with her?

RECEPTIONIST

I'll have to go inside and find her.

MAC

Just tell her it's the guy from the lobby door. She'll understand.

The Receptionist nods, goes through a door to an inner office.

Mac picks up a rubber band from the desk, starts absentmindedly tying knots in it with three fingers of one hand as he walks to a display on the wall.

Pictures of politicians and business giants standing with other people. Jesse's in a few of the photos. She has much longer hair.

The door from the inner office opens. Jesse enters.

JESSE

Mr. Stuart? I'm Jesse Winthrop.

MAC

(moves to her)

Yes. We ran into each other downstairs a few minutes ago. And the other night, too, I think.

JESSE

Yes...I think we did.
(extends her hand)
Nice to meet you.

As Mac takes her hand, their eyes engage.

The sweep secondhand on the wall clock STOPS at 22 seconds past the minute.

The room BRIGHTENS. Everything surrounding Mac and Jesse begins to STRETCH and get pulled into a MAELSTROM of light. The physical reality of the room disappears into a VAPOR.

In slow motion, the features of Jesse's face DETACH like puzzle pieces and FALL AWAY, pulled into the maelstrom, revealing the same Woman seen on the sailing ship.

But as a new physical reality SOLIDIFIES out of the vapor, the Woman's no longer on a ship.

EXT. HOSPITAL TERRACE AREA - DAY - MAC'S VISION

The Woman sits at a rough-hewn wooden table. A carriage nearby indicates this is not present day, not America.

The Woman pulls Mac's hand to her lips and kisses it, then reaches out to caress his face. But the face she touches is not Mac's. It is that of DR. MALCOLM BARRETT.

Barrett and his wife, PATRICE BARRETT, the Woman, sit with steaming clay mugs of tea. They wear white lab coats and surgical garb, with surgical masks hanging around their necks.

PATRICE

You won't reconsider leaving, then?

MALCOLM

It's critical we stay, Darling.
It's why we came here, isn't it?

PATRICE

Yes, I know it is, but...I'm
frightened. Things are getting out
of hand so quickly.

MALCOLM

(calm, caring)
Don't be concerned, Love. I shan't
let anything happen to you.

PATRICE

It's not myself I'm concerned for,
Malcolm. It's you. You're in those
wards day and night, no rest...
(holds his eyes)
If something were to happen to you,
I just couldn't...

MALCOLM

Stop. We're going to be fine. Both
of us. We'll get this under control.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 (kisses her hand)
 Now, I must go, my love. But I'll
 meet you midday for tea, alright?

ARTURO, a smallish man of indeterminate age in white surgical
 clothing, approaches their table. He carries a file.

ARTURO
 (to Malcolm)
 Senor Doctor Barrett.
 (to Patrice)
 Senora Doctor Barrett.

MALCOLM
 Yes, Arturo.

ARTURO
 The latest reports. They are not
 good.

Arturo opens and places the file on the table.

INSERT -- THE FILE

which partially covers a newspaper, the banner of which, "LA
 MADRID BOLETIN", can be seen, as well as the date, May 20,
 1918, and the bold headline, "MUERTE!" ("Death!").

BACK TO SCENE

Malcolm gazes at the information in the file.

MALCOLM
 It's spreading faster than I thought
 possible. It must be a remarkably
 virulent strain.

PATRICE
 (to Arturo)
 How many today?

ARTURO
 Eight hundred at last count, Senora.
 Two hundred more have arrived in the
 last hour. We can't handle it.
 There are thousands dead across Madrid
 already. In just one day.

MALCOLM
 Is it at least isolated here?

ARTURO
 (shakes his head)
 France. Germany. Your United States.
 It's...how do you say it?...wildfire.

PATRICE

My God.

MALCOLM

Give us a moment, will you, Arturo?

Arturo nods a bow, goes back across the terrace.

PATRICE

(takes Malcolm's hand)

Don't go.

MALCOLM

I must, Darling. People are dying
horribly. I'm needed.

Patrice grabs Malcolm's hand with both of hers as he stands.

PATRICE

I love you, Malcolm Barrett. Know
that. I love you with all my heart.

MALCOLM

As I love you, my darling. In every
corner of my soul.

Malcolm bends and kisses her, then turns to leave.

As his eyes leave hers, the scene immediately DISSOLVES into
the MAELSTROM of light.

VISION END

INT. INTERNATIONAL LINGUISTICS - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The maelstrom of light dissipates. The secondhand on the
wall clock CLICKS to 23 seconds past the same minute.

Mac's body jerks, as if an electric shock hits it. He pulls
his hand from Jesse's, spins and cracks the knuckles of his
right hand hard on the edge of the Receptionist's desk.

In the same moment, Jesse falls backward, striking the side
of her face on a table before hitting the floor, unconscious.

The Receptionist enters from the inner office area, sees
Jesse on the floor.

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Winthrop! My God! Somebody!
Help! Come quickly!

(at Jesse's side)

Miss Winthrop! Jesse!

(to Mac)

Mr. Stuart. What happened?

Mac looks around slowly, dazed.

The Receptionist sees Mac holding his hand, the knuckles scraped and already reddening.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Stuart. What did you do?

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Mac sits on a gurney. Mac's brother John stands nearby.

A young RESIDENT enters the room, hands John some papers.

RESIDENT

(to John)

These are his head scan results and release forms.

(points at Mac's hand)

We really should x-ray that too, you know.

MAC

It's all right.

JOHN

Let him take a picture, Mac.

MAC

(to John)

It's all right, I said.

(stands)

I just want to get out of here.

The Resident turns to leave. Mac stops him.

MAC

Excuse me. Miss Winthrop. How is she?

RESIDENT

Her family is admitting her for more tests. I don't know more than that.

MAC

May I see her?

RESIDENT

I'm afraid not. They're moving her upstairs.

The Resident leaves. John looks at the release papers.

JOHN

The CAT scan doesn't show any reason for the hallucination you--

MAC

--No. Not hallucination.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

Absolutely real. I could feel the heat of the tea in the mug, John. I could smell the perfume on her wrists.

John is silent a moment, then...

JOHN

Mac, I want you to come with me to McClendon.

MAC

No. No way.

Mac moves to the door.

JOHN

Mac, we need to talk about something.

MAC

It can wait, John. I have a story...

The door bursts open. Jimmy Winthrop pushes into the room, grabs Mac, backing him against the gurney.

JIMMY

You hit my sister, you sonuvabitch?

JOHN

(moves toward Jimmy)

Hey!

JIMMY

(to John)

Back off! Stay outta this!

MAC

I shook her hand, Winthrop. That was it.

JIMMY

Yeah?

(grabs Mac's bandaged hand)

You get this from shakin' her hand? How'd she get her face swollen, huh?

Mac pulls his hand back, shoves Jimmy away from him.

MAC

Something happened in that room--

JIMMY

--Yeah, somethin' sure as shit happened in that room. And I'm gonna know what, and then I'm comin' after you.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We'll see how you look on the other side of the "Eleven O'clock News", you smug bastard. You stay away from her, you hear?

Jimmy points a finger at Mac like a gun, drops his thumb. He backs out the door.

JOHN

Who the hell was that?

MAC

A hot-head cop, that's all. A lot of cops don't like me right now. Forget it.

JOHN

This is not going to go away, Mac.

Mac moves toward the door.

MAC

Yeah, well, I have more important things to worry about.

JOHN

(blocks Mac's way)

Yeah, you do. And that's why you're coming with me to McClendon.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Mac and John walk toward an exit.

Mac stops at a coffee machine. He digs some change from his pocket, deposits it, presses a button, waits.

A conference room door stands open nearby. Inside the room are Jimmy Winthrop, Joan Winthrop, and a DOCTOR in green surgical scrubs and a white coat.

JOAN

(to Doctor)

I thought you said these episodes would stop after you removed the tumor?

DOCTOR

We believed they would, Mrs. Winthrop, but--

JOAN

--Then what just happened to my daughter? What is this she's telling us now -- this hallucination? It's not another tumor, is it?

DOCTOR

We don't know yet, Mrs. Winthrop,
but the new tests will tell us more.

JIMMY

(sees Mac)
Hold it, Doc.

Jimmy stands, shoves the door hard. It slams closed.

Mac clenches his jaw, picks up his coffee, sips it. His wince shows it's horrid, but he takes another gulp as he moves to the exit, where John waits.

EXT. MCCLENDON INSTITUTE - NIGHT

John guides his car through the Guard's gate, Mac in the passenger seat. The sign on the gate reads, "Walter J. McClendon Institute -- Long Term Physical and Psychiatric Care."

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

John sits on a windowsill. Mac leans against the door.

Neither looks at the withered OLD MAN on the bed, ventilator tube on his throat, several other tubes snaking from arms, chest, groin.

Most of the upper left section of the Old Man's face, and a good part of the skull behind it are gone, skin and hair sinking into a crater where bone should have been.

The methodical wheeze of the ventilator is the only sound in the room until Mac speaks.

MAC

Why does it just...start?

JOHN

We don't know. There are no precursor symptoms.

MAC

How can someone tell if it's starting in themselves, then?

JOHN

They don't.

MAC

Why not?

JOHN

Because whatever schizophrenics periodically see and hear appears to be absolutely real to them. But what

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

they really are, are episodic
disconnects with reality. Like
hallucinations. Hearing voices.
Having conversations with people who
don't exist.

MAC

And you're saying that's what happened
to me.

Silence. And the ventilator.

MAC

(looks to the Old Man)

That happen to Dad? Before he put a
gun to his head?

JOHN

Granddad, too. Only Granddad didn't
miss -- he used a shotgun.

More ventilator wheeze.

JOHN

Mac, schizophrenia runs in families.
It runs in our family. I think we
need to do some tests, see if your
hallucinations have a physical--

MAC

(spins to face John)

--No! That is not what happened to
me.

JOHN

Mac, you thought you were in Spain,
for Christ's sake! In 1918! As
someone named Barrett! If that's
not a balls-out hallucination--

MAC

--I was there, John! In all five
senses! As real as I'm standing
here with you!

JOHN

Mac, that's what I'm trying to tell
you. What you think you're seeing
and hearing--

Mac puts up his hand to stop John, moves toward the door.

MAC

I can't explain it, John. Not yet.
But I will. I'll find out what
happened to me.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)
 I just know that I'm not crazy, and
 I'm not...
 (gestures toward the
 Old Man)
 ...going to end up like that.

Mac exits, leaving John listening to the wheeze of their
 father's ventilator.

INT. MAC'S CONDO - DAY

Mac's at his computer, his right hand tying three-fingered
 knots in a rubber band, a cell phone at his ear.

INSERT -- THE COMPUTER SCREEN

An internet article is headlined "Martinez Moved to
 Deathhouse".

BACK TO SCENE

MAC
 Yeah, I know. I'm looking at the
 "Times" site right now.

HOLMAN (V.O.)
 (through phone)
 How you feeling about it?

MAC
 Like I'm holding aces. I'm the only
 one he's talking to today.

HOLMAN (V.O.)
 Yeah, well, let's hope whatever he
 gives you is enough.

MAC
 I'll make it enough.

HOLMAN (V.O.)
 You better come in, then, talk it
 over. I've got the team circling.

MAC
 I need to check into something first.

HOLMAN (V.O.)
 Another lead?

MAC
 No, it's...personal.

HOLMAN (V.O.)
 No time for personal, Mac. Not on
 this one. Don't give me heartburn.

MAC

Inner peace, Ito. Remember? I'll be there.

Mac grabs his jacket, heads for the door.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - JEFFERSON HOSPITAL - DAY

Mac emerges from the elevator, moves to the desk -- a hub in the center of several hallways.

A young nurse, AMBER, soap opera sexy, looks up, likes what she sees coming. She quickly pulls gum from her mouth and stands.

AMBER

(flirtatious)

Hi. Any way I can help you?

MAC

(catches and volleys)

A couple of ways, I'm sure, Ms...

AMBER

Amber.

MAC

(flashes the smile)

Amber. Mac. Listen, I'm looking for someone who was admitted late last night. Jesse Winthrop.

AMBER

Winthrop. Yeah, I think...

Amber reaches for a clipboard, runs a finger down the page.

AMBER

Yup. Room 3819, right down that hallway. You family? Husband, maybe?

MAC

No. No husband.

AMBER

Oh, good. I mean, not so good, actually. No one but family until seven tonight. Maybe you could come back then...right around when my shift ends.

MAC

I might do that. What's her condition, by the way? Can you tell me that?

Amber reaches for a metal-jacketed chart, places it on the counter, opens it.

AMBER

It says here that she's got--

NURSE SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

--Ms. Johnson!

Amber stiffens as the NURSE SUPERVISOR, a battle-ax of an RN, reaches over and firmly closes the file.

NURSE SUPERVISOR

(sternly)

We do not give out patient information to anyone but doctors. You know that. I'll see you in my office. Now.

Amber glances at Mac, flips her eyebrows, purses her lips, and moves off.

NURSE SUPERVISOR

(to Mac)

And I suggest, sir, that you come back during visiting hours. We can do nothing for you now. Good day.

The Nurse Supervisor stares at Mac until he moves toward the elevators, then steams off toward the waiting Amber.

Mac watches the Nurse Supervisor close her office door. He immediately moves into the hallway.

INT. JEFFERSON HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Mac moves up the hallway, searching for 3819. Just as he reaches the door, Jimmy Winthrop emerges.

JIMMY

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Where you think you're goin'?

Jimmy reaches back and pulls the door to, blocks Mac's way.

JIMMY

Just keep movin', Stuart. There's nobody here wants to see ya.

MAC

Look, I just wanted to know how Jesse was, talk to her a minute.

JIMMY

It's Miss Winthrop to you. And she's fine. G'bye.

MAC

What's your problem, Lieutenant? By now you know I didn't hit her.

JIMMY

Maybe I got a problem with arrogant
sonsabitches who stick their noses
where they don't belong.

MAC

I didn't put the corruption in the
department. I just held up a mirror.
If my report was wrong, show me where.

JIMMY

Until you spend time diggin' through
the shit of a city 'cause that city
needs to feel safe and you're the
guy they're payin' to do it, then
you got no right to question how the
job gets done.

MAC

Unless the job gets done wrong and
somebody innocent pays for it.

JIMMY

What, Martinez?
(leans into Mac)
You stay the fuck out of the Martinez
thing.

MAC

Too late, Lieutenant. Already in
it. And he wants to see me today.
Says he remembers a few things.

JIMMY

You're talkin' to Martinez?

MAC

That bother you? What's he gonna
tell me? You miss something?

JIMMY

Fuck you, Stuart.

Jimmy turns to go back into the room.

MAC

Tell Jesse I'll be back. We have
something we need to talk about.

The door closes in Mac's face.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Mac emerges from the hallway into the hub. As he passes the
Nurse's station, he sees Jesse's chart still on the counter.
No one is at the station.

Mac looks around, then turns the chart to himself, opens it. He thumbs through a couple of pages, stops and reads.

INSERT -- THE CHART

Mac's finger scans sections of the chart. Certain words stand out, including ASTROCYTOMA GRADE IV, and PARIETAL AND OCCIPITAL GLIOBLASTOMA. In another section, INOPERABLE. In another, VISUAL AND AURAL ABNORMALITIES / HALLUCINATIONS.

A meaty hand slams the cover of the chart closed.

BACK TO SCENE

The Nurse Supervisor burns Mac with an acid stare.

NURSE SUPERVISOR

In five seconds, I call Security.

Mac puts up both hands in surrender, backs to the elevators.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jimmy stands at the door, watches Mac move from the Nurse's station to the elevators.

Jimmy turns into the room, pops his cell phone and dials, speaking low so as not to awaken the sleeping Jesse.

JIMMY

Kyle...Yeah...Still at the hospital.
 (glances at Jesse)
 Okay, I guess. Waitin' on tests.
 (looks out the window)
 I think we got a problem.

Jesse's eyes open. She looks over at Jimmy, his back to her, leaning against the window frame.

JIMMY

That TV guy...yeah, Stuart. He's diggin' into the Martinez thing...I don't know. Maybe lookin' for more dirt on the department...uh-huh. And he's sniffin' 'round Jesse, too. Look, call Ryschell for me, get him to issue a Restraining Order. Can't stop him talkin' to Martinez, but I can make sure he doesn't get to Jesse...Cause I'm askin' you to, that's why. That's all you need to know, alright?...Okay. Later.

Jimmy closes his cell phone, gazes out the window.

JESSE

What's going on, Jimmy?

JIMMY
Hey. Sis. How you doin'? You
feelin' okay?

JESSE
I'm fine.
(beat)
Who was that?

JIMMY
Kyle. My partner. You remember
him, right? Just some police
business.

JESSE
Am I police business now, Jimmy?

Jimmy doesn't answer. Nor will he look at Jesse.

JESSE
Well? Am I?

JIMMY
Just tryin' to protect you, that's
all.

JESSE
(sitting up)
From what, Jimmy? What do I need
protecting from?

JIMMY
You don't need anybody botherin' you
right now, Jesse. You gotta
concentrate on gettin' better.

JESSE
I don't need a restraining order to
do that. I'm not stupid, Jimmy.
Why don't you want me talking to
MacKenzie Stuart?

JIMMY
It's just best you don't. You gotta
trust me on this.

JESSE
Not good enough, Jimmy.

JIMMY
It's gonna have to be.

EXT. JEFFERSON HOSPITAL - DAY

Mac emerges from the hospital main entrance, cell phone to
ear. He hails a cab while talking.

MAC

Melissa? Mac...Yeah, I'm on my way. Tell Holman to pull the arrest records on Martinez, and anything we have on a Lieutenant James Winthrop...Right... Because I smell something. And Melissa...meet me in Research in fifteen minutes, but keep it to yourself. I have something I want you to help me with.

Mac snaps the cell phone closed and climbs into the cab.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jesse pulls her clothes from the closet, throws them on the bed.

JIMMY

What're you doin'?

JESSE

I'm leaving.

JIMMY

You can't go. The doctor's still gotta--

JESSE

(angrily)

--I'm sick and tired of being told what I can and can't do, Jimmy. By you, by Mom, by the doctors. This is my life, goddamn it. If I want to leave, I will. And if I want to talk to somebody -- MacKenzie Stuart or anybody -- I'm going to talk to them, you understand? You have no say in it. Play your cop games with somebody else. Now get out and let me get dressed.

JIMMY

(grabs her clothes
from the bed)

I can't let you do this, Jesse.

JESSE

Fine.

(indicates her gown)

I'll wear this, then.

Jesse turns, walks to the door, pulls it open, only to find herself face to face with her mother, Joan, and an oncologist, DR. MATTHEW O'BRIEN.

JOAN

Jesse. What are you doing up, dear?
You should be in bed.

JESSE

I want to leave, Mom. Take me home,
please. Right now.

O'BRIEN

I don't think that would be a good
idea, Ms. Winthrop.

JESSE

Well, I don't much care what you
think, Doctor.

O'BRIEN

Perhaps if we spoke for a moment
first, then.

JESSE

I'm sick of talking. I just want to
get out of here.

JOAN

(quietly)

Honey, I think you'd better hear
what he has to say.

The gravity in Joan's voice quiets Jesse.

JESSE

What? What is it?

O'BRIEN

Why don't you sit down, Jesse.

JESSE

(frightened now)

No. I don't want to. Just tell me.

O'BRIEN

(after a beat)

The tumors have come back, Jesse.
Aggressively. They've spread to new
areas of your brain. I think they're
the cause of the episodes you had
yesterday at your office.

Jesse backs to the bed, slowly lowers herself onto it. The
silence in the room cuts like a scream.

INT. WPHI RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

Mac sits at a long conference table, several large books
open before him. He flips a page, scans a moment, flips a
page, scans.

Melissa emerges from among several floor to ceiling stacks of books, files, microfiche file cabinets. She carries a large, open book.

MELISSA

It didn't start in Spain, Mac. The strain came from China, but showed up in Kansas first, of all places, among recruits preparing to ship to Europe for the war. They took it over there with them.

MAC

Why was it called Spanish Flu, then?

MELISSA

Because that's where it's first huge killing field was. Says here eight million Spaniards died in May of 1918 alone. The pandemic exploded from there. Over 20 million dead.

MAC

May.

MELISSA

Yeah. May. Why?

MAC

(ignores the question)

Did you find any mention of the name Barrett? Malcolm or Patrice? Physicians?

MELISSA

No. But the "Medical Who's Who" we have doesn't go back that far. It would really help if I knew exactly what I'm supposed to be looking for. And why. Is it connected to Martinez?

MAC

No. I just need to find out about Malcolm Barrett. I think he was in Spain in 1918.

MELISSA

Why, Mac? Who was he?

Before Mac can answer, the Research Room door opens, and Holman enters.

HOLMAN

Damn it, Mac. I've been looking all over the building for you. What the hell are you doing in here?

MAC
Looking for something. Someone.

HOLMAN
Who?

MAC
(hesitating)
Malcolm Barrett.

HOLMAN
Who's that? How does he figure into
Martinez?

MAC
He doesn't. It's personal.

HOLMAN
Then what are you spending a single
second on it for? This is not the
right time to be going off on a
tangent, Mac. Come on, buddy.
Martinez awaits. Biggest story of
your life, remember? Time to go.

Mac nods, moves to the door with Holman, then stops.

MAC
(to Holman)
Go ahead. I'll be right with you.
(off Holman's skeptical
look)
Really. I'll be right there.

Holman heads down the hall.

MAC
(to Melissa)
Call the Spanish Consulate in
Washington. Get a name in Madrid
and contact them. See if they have
any records of a Dr. Malcolm Barrett
entering the country early in 1918.
He probably arrived at a seaport by
ship, then went to Madrid. Call me
the minute you find anything.

MELISSA
What's this about, Mac?

MAC
I don't really know. But I need to,
and this is the only place I can
think of to start.

EXT. WPHI BUILDING - DAY

Mac, Holman, a CAMERAMAN and an AUDIO MAN move toward a WPHI broadcast van parked at the curb. As they reach the van, they are approached by a MAN in a suit and trenchcoat.

MAN
MacKenzie Stuart?

MAC
(turning)
I'm MacKenzie Stuart.

The Man pulls a document folded in a blue legal cover from his coat and hands it to Mac.

MAN
You've been served, MacKenzie Stuart.

The Man walks away as Mac opens the document.

MAC
What the hell...?

HOLMAN
What?

MAC
It's a restraining order. I'm to stay away from Jesse Winthrop.

HOLMAN
Winthrop? That's the cop arrested Martinez. Who's Jesse?

MAC
His sister. The thing upstairs yesterday.

HOLMAN
You musta pushed a button somewhere, buddy. Who issued the order?

MAC
Judge Ryschell. At the request of James Winthrop.

Mac folds the document, puts it in his pocket.

MAC
I gotta call Hutchinson, get him to block this. I need to talk to Jesse Winthrop.

HOLMAN
Why? What's she got to do with Martinez?

MAC

Nothing. It's something else--

HOLMAN

(peevied)

--There's nothing else as far as I'm concerned. Call Hutch when you get back if you want, but right now, I want one thing on your mind. Martinez. Got it?

Holman opens the van door for Mac to climb in.

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The image of Ricardo Martinez, in an orange prison jumpsuit, is framed in a television monitor. Nearby sits the man himself, across a wide table from Mac and Holman.

MAC

In both your interrogation and trial, Mr. Martinez, you have maintained that you were not in Fairmount Park at the time of Jayla Boire's murder.

MARTINEZ

I wasn't.

MAC

But they found you there. Passed out next to her body.

MARTINEZ

I don't know how I got there. I just know I didn't kill her.

MAC

But you have not been able to provide any information that could prove that contention.

MARTINEZ

I could not remember. I worked a dinner at the hotel, then started drinkin'. Drank too much.

MAC

But now you say you do remember something about that night that may prove your innocence.

MARTINEZ

Yes.

MAC

Tell us.

MARTINEZ

I remembered bein' on the street behind the hotel. I was drinkin' tequila, smokin'. I remember bein' there a long time. Once, twice, someone comes out with trash, but I was off to the side. I told the police this, but...

(he shrugs)

Then the other night...

Martinez fidgets, unsure.

MAC

Go on, Ricardo. The other night...

MARTINEZ

The other night I had a kind a' dream, you know? One a' those dreams where you're not really asleep and not really awake, but everythin's real?

Mac nods mechanically as Martinez looks for acknowledgment, but then Mac turns his head, looks out a barred window, disconnected.

Holman looks at Mac, glances at the rolling camera, then looks to Martinez.

HOLMAN

Go on. What was your..."dream"?

MARTINEZ

There was a lady. A pretty lady, in a nice dress, long black hair. She comes out the kitchen door with a cigarette. She needed a light. She saw me.

Holman looks to Mac. Mac is still lost in his own thoughts. Holman takes up the slack again.

HOLMAN

How do you know she saw you?

MARTINEZ

We talked.

HOLMAN

You spoke?

Holman nudges Mac. Mac comes back to the moment, refocuses on the interview.

MARTINEZ

Yes. And I think we spoke in Spanish.

MAC

Spanish?

MARTINEZ

Yes. But you know...I dream in Spanish, so maybe...I don' know.

MAC

Do you know who she was? This person in your dream? You seen her before?

MARTINEZ

No. But she was very kind. We smoked and talked. About Mexico, my family. I was pretty drunk, I guess, 'cause when she finished her cigarette, she asked me if I need a cab to get home. I musta said yes, 'cause I remember gettin' into a cab on the corner. She asked me my address, then gave it to the driver, but this was in English, I think. And then the next thing I remember is being woke up by the cops in the park, handcuffed and arrested.

MAC

And this woman...would you be able to recognize her again?

MARTINEZ

I don' know. I just remember a pretty face, dark hair, a black dress. That's all.

MAC

And why haven't you told this to the police? Why are you telling only "Philadelphia Journal"?

MARTINEZ

I have not led a perfect life, Mister Stuart. I have done things I shouldn't have. I have had much trouble with the law. But this thing I did not do. I told the police this. A hundred times I have told them. But they do not listen. Now I am to die in less than two days. What do you think they will do with what I just told you? A man who has not led a perfect life? But you...you will do something, will you not?

EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - DAY

Mac and Holman stand by the WPHI van.

HOLMAN

So what do you think?

MAC

(elsewhere)

About what?

HOLMAN

About the fact that we've both hung our reputations on trying to prove a dream is real.

MAC

That's what I'm trying to do, isn't it? In both cases.

HOLMAN

In both...? What are you talkin' about? Where the hell are you today?

MAC

Why do you think Jimmy Winthrop wants to keep me away from his sister so badly?

HOLMAN

I been to Clyde's with you. I'm not sure I'd want you around my sister either, truth be told.

MAC

Come on, Ito. It's not like that. I just want to talk to her. Where's the threat in that?

HOLMAN

She have something to do with Martinez?

MAC

I doubt it. She's been sick for a year.

HOLMAN

Then who the fuck cares, Mac? Time's short. We got a broadcast tomorrow night and nothin' to say. And Martinez has a date with a needle. Focus on what's important here. You need to prove that dream is real.

Decision settles in Mac's eyes as he looks at Holman.

MAC

You're right. I do.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

After hours. It's quiet, the hallway lights dimmed. No staff in the immediate vicinity.

INT. NURSE SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Nurse Supervisor is at her desk, bent over a stack of charts, making notations.

Through the glass wall of the office, Mac can be seen emerging from the elevators near the Nurse's Station. He moves quickly into the dimly-lit hallway toward Jesse's room, unseen.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A darkened room. A little moonlight through the window, a faint night-light on the wall. Jesse looks to be asleep in the bed.

Mac enters, closes the door quietly, moves to the chair near the window.

Jesse stirs.

JESSE

Jimmy?

MAC

No. It's MacKenzie Stuart.

Jesse rises to her elbows, peers through the dimness at Mac.

JESSE

What time is it?

MAC

A little after ten. If it's too late...

JESSE

(sitting up)

No. It's not a problem for me. Could be some trouble for you, though.

MAC

Yeah. Maybe. Your brother doesn't think much of me, I gather.

JESSE

Big brothers. What can I say? Compounded by a badge in Jimmy's case.

MAC

Mine's a shrink. I think I'd rather deal with the badge.

They both laugh easily.

JESSE

I'm glad to see you, actually.

MAC

Yeah?

JESSE

Yeah. You're not somebody who's gonna stick me with something.

MAC

Nope. No sharp objects.

JESSE

Good. And...I think I owe you an apology.

MAC

For what?

JESSE

For yesterday, putting you through that.

MAC

(uncertain)

Through...what?

JESSE

That melodrama of my passing out. God. What a bad movie, huh?

MAC

No apology necessary. Just glad you're all right.

JESSE

Well...that's relative.

(points to her head)

The doctors tell me it's tumors. Big ones. Can make strange things happen, they say.

Mac nods, his silence a comment.

JESSE

Why don't you turn on the light? Drag that chair over here?

MAC

Might not be a good idea.

JESSE

Why?

MAC

I'm not sure how to put this.

JESSE

Just lay it out. I'll get it.

MAC

(after a moment)

We've seen each other three times now, right? Each time, something happened to me that I can't explain -- at least an explanation I want to accept. You're the only common element among them all, so...here I am.

JESSE

(suddenly focused)

What happened?

MAC

This is going to sound crazy.

JESSE

Nothing's crazy to me anymore.

MAC

Okay. Here it is, then. One second I'm in a revolving door or an office looking at you, and the next second I'm somewhere else, as someone else, looking at a woman I'm sure is my wife. And I swear, it's as real as right now, Jesse, but I'm in 1918, in...

As Mac recounts the above, Jesse's eyes widen, she takes in a sharp breath, and her hand moves to her mouth.

JESSE

(almost whispered)

You're talking about...

MAC AND JESSE

...Spain.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

The Nurse Supervisor leaves her office, puts a stethoscope around her neck, picks up a clipboard from the Nurse's station. She moves into the hallway, checking her watch.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Neither Mac nor Jesse has moved a muscle.

MAC

What did you say?

JESSE
(almost disbelieving)
I said, you're talking about Spain.
Being in Spain. 1918.

MAC
Yes...

JESSE
And your name is Malcolm Barrett.
You're a doctor.

MAC
(stunned)
How do you know that?

JESSE
(certain now)
Because I was there too. On the
ship, right? At the hospital?

Mac falls back in the chair, looks up at the ceiling. A
breath of relief escapes his lips.

MAC
You saw it too, then?

JESSE
Saw, felt, smelled, tasted. Yes.

MAC
Was it me you saw?

JESSE
It felt like you. I mean, I had the
sense it was you, like it feels right
now, but the man I was with looked
completely different. And his name
was Malcolm Barrett.

MAC
And you were Patrice.

JESSE
Yes.

They fall into silence.

JESSE
(quieter now)
How is this possible, Mac? That we
both...?

MAC
I don't know.

JESSE

The doctors told me it was the tumor making me hallucinate. I had no reason to doubt them.

MAC

With me it's supposed to be schizophrenia. Family curse. I'm the right age.

JESSE

How do we know it's not what they're telling us?

Mac sits forward. The moonlight falls across his face.

MAC

I'm a journalist, Jesse. All of my training and experience has taught me that you go where the story is if you want to find the answers.

JESSE

And where's that?

MAC

In 1918.

INT. JEFFERSON HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Nurse Supervisor emerges from a room, jots something on her clipboard, moves down the hall.

As she passes Jesse's room, something catches her eye through the small window in the door. She moves closer and peers through.

NURSE SUPERVISOR'S POV (THROUGH THE WINDOW)

As Jesse lies back against the propped up pillows on the bed, Mac sits near her on the edge of it.

BACK TO SCENE

The Nurse Supervisor turns and moves quickly down the hall.

INT. CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

The Nurse Supervisor pulls a card from her uniform pocket, picks up the phone and dials.

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mac removes his jacket, lays it across the foot of the bed.

JESSE

So how do we do this?

MAC

Like before, I guess. I think we touched, looked at each other. You sure you're okay with this?

Jesse holds out her hand.

JESSE

Come on. Let's take a ride.

Mac turns, takes her hand. Then he lets his eyes drift up to Jesse's. Their eyes engage.

Everything FREEZES. The spinning second dial on the electric clock on the nightstand LOCKS halfway between ten and eleven seconds past the minute.

The room BRIGHTENS. Everything around Mac and Jesse begins to STRETCH and get pulled into a MAELSTROM OF LIGHT. The physical reality of the room evaporates.

In slow motion, the physical features of Mac and Jesse's faces DETACH like puzzle pieces and FALL AWAY, pulled into the maelstrom, revealing Malcolm and Patrice Barrett. A new reality emerges from the vapor.

INT. SPAIN, 1918 - SANTA SOPHIA HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT - MAC AND JESSE'S VISION

A severely overcrowded room -- beds side by side, end to end, covering every square foot.

HOSPITAL STAFF in surgical masks move among tortured patients who moan, shiver, cry out, many with a telltale bluish cast to their faces as they slowly suffocate.

Patrice Barrett pulls down the sheets covering a YOUNG WOMAN of about 20 as Malcolm Barrett puts his stethoscope to her chest. The Young Woman's breath comes shallow and gurgling.

Malcolm rises, looks to Arturo, who stands near him with a bowl of water and wet rags. Malcolm shakes his head.

MALCOLM

It's too late.

Malcolm moves to the next bed, bends to listen to the chest of a MIDDLE-AGED MAN, but stops, realizing the Man is dead.

MALCOLM

My God. Didn't he just arrive?

ARTURO

Fifteen minutes ago.

MALCOLM

(looking to Patrice)

We can't save any of them. We're losing them all.

PATRICE

Darling...

MALCOLM

I don't know what to do next. Nothing slows this disease.

PATRICE

Malcolm. You've been here 30 hours. You need to get some rest.

MALCOLM

(exasperated)

I can't leave, Patrice. Look at this.

PATRICE

You'll do no one any good if you fall ill yourself, my darling. You must come with me. Even if just for a short while. Arturo will manage their care, won't you Arturo?

ARTURO

Si, Senora Barrett.

PATRICE

He will call us if we are needed.

Now come with me.

(turns his face to hers)

Please, Malcolm.

Malcolm's face softens as he looks at Patrice. A small smile breaks the mask of exhaustion. He nods.

PATRICE

(to Arturo)

Estraremos en nuestro apartamento.

(We'll be in our apartment.)

ARTURO

Si, Senora.

Malcolm and Patrice leave the ward, moans and cries echoing after them.

INT. SPAIN, 1918 - THE BARRETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MAC AND
JESSE'S VISION CONTINUED

Malcolm sits on a couch, Patrice leaning against him. He picks up a small piece of cheese from a nearby table and offers it to Patrice, then takes one for himself.

PATRICE

It seems so peaceful here.

MALCOLM

Wherever you are, there is peace for me.

Patrice looks up, kisses Malcolm's cheek tenderly, then lays her head on his chest, his arm around her.

PATRICE

What would we be doing if we were back home right now?

MALCOLM

(smiles at the thought)
The evening meal at your mother's estate, I should think. Listening to your uncle's cavalry war stories and wishing we were elsewhere.

PATRICE

And when you'd heard enough, you would make some excuse to get me upstairs...

(affects a serious male voice)

"I have a patient history I'd like to go over with you, Patrice. I'm afraid it's of the utmost urgency."

They both laugh.

MALCOLM

I never had to say it more than once.

PATRICE

(looking up at him)
You never will.

They kiss -- a long, slow, tender kiss that neither wants to end. When they finally part, Patrice looks into Malcolm's eyes.

PATRICE

I love you, Malcolm Barrett. With all my heart.

MALCOLM

And I you, my darling. In every corner of my soul.

Patrice sits up, takes Malcolm's hand.

PATRICE

We must rest now. I insist.

MALCOLM

Perhaps a glass of port first? It will help us sleep.

Patrice smiles and nods, reaches for another piece of cheese as Malcolm stands and moves to the kitchen.

INT. SPAIN, 1918 - BARRETT'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT - MAC AND JESSE'S VISION CONTINUED

Malcolm enters. He takes two glasses from a cabinet, then turns to pick up a bottle of port wine from the counter.

Malcolm suddenly wobbles, dizzy, grabbing the counter to steady himself. He wipes his brow with his sleeve, perspiration darkening the fabric.

A cough catches in his throat, and he pulls a nearby towel to his mouth as the cough explodes from him, muffled by the towel. As the coughing fit subsides, he wipes his brow again, then moves to the doorway.

Malcolm peers around the corner at Patrice. Had she heard?

MALCOLM'S POV

Patrice is still on the couch, finishing her piece of cheese.

Suddenly, the spinning maelstrom of light rises as...

END VISION SEQUENCE

INT. JESSE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The overhead lights flare on.

Jimmy Winthrop barrels into the room, followed by his partner, KYLE PHILLIPS. The Nurse Supervisor and a hospital SECURITY GUARD stand in the doorway.

Jimmy grabs Mac in a choke hold from behind, drags him from the bed.

JIMMY

Get offa her, you sonuvabitch!

Mac, disoriented, can't fight the hold, nor can he speak.

Jesse, also disoriented, stands and screams at Jimmy.

JESSE

What are you doing?! Stop it! Let him go!

JIMMY
Stay out of this, Jesse!

Jimmy starts to drag Mac from the room.

JIMMY
You're under arrest, Stuart, for violation of a restraining order issued by the Superior Court. You have the right to remain silent...

The Nurse Supervisor moves to Jesse, tries to get her back into the bed.

NURSE SUPERVISOR
Please, Ms. Winthrop...

Jimmy drags Mac through the door and into the hall.

JIMMY
...Anything you say can be used against you in a court of law...

Jesse pushes past the Nurse Supervisor, runs for the door, but is caught by the Security Guard.

JESSE
(hysterical now)
Stop it! Please! Where are you taking him? Oh, God! Malcolm!

Jimmy, Phillips, and Mac are gone now, moving down the hall.

The Nurse Supervisor closes the door. Jesse flails against the Security Guard, crying.

JESSE
MALCOLM!

EXT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - NIGHT

Mac, Holman, and ARNOLD HUTCHINSON, attorney for WPHI, emerge from the building.

HUTCHINSON
We're lucky as hell to get bail. They could have locked you up until the hearing.

MAC
This is bullshit, Hutch. I wasn't attacking her. She wanted me there, for Christ's sake.

HUTCHINSON
That's not how the complaint reads, Mac. According to the officer on scene--

MAC

--Jimmy Winthrop?

(to Holman)

There's something wrong about that guy, Ito. This is about more than me talking to his sister. We have to push on this thing, and push hard--

HUTCHINSON

--You'll do nothing of the kind. You are to stay away from Winthrop, his sister, anybody in that family, you understand? You may already have involved the station legally.

HOLMAN

Mac, we're running out of time. I've had Melissa pull together a file that you'll need to follow up on what Martinez gave us. Drop this thing with Winthrop and move--

MAC

--Ito, Winthrop is involved with Martinez. I have to...

HUTCHINSON

--What you have to do right now is exactly as I've told you. The Winthrops are off-limits, understand?

Mac can only stand and stare at the sidewalk.

HUTCHINSON

(to Mac)

One other thing: Mr. Copeland wants to see you. He's waiting in his office. I suggest you show up there in the next ten minutes. Good night, gentlemen.

Hutchinson moves off.

HOLMAN

Jesus, Mac. I told you to let it go.

MAC

Yeah. You told me. Take me back to the station, Ito.

Mac climbs into the van, slams the door.

INT. WPHI EXECUTIVE OFFICES - NIGHT

The studio is dark below, the wall of monitors blank.

Mac and Robert Copeland sit across from one another.

COPELAND

I've backed everything you've wanted to do, Mac. You never got resistance from me.

MAC

I know.

COPELAND

But we're into some new territory here. We're not engaging the law on our terms with this one. We're not looking like the good guys, Mac.

MAC

Bob, this is being blown out of proportion by a cop with an ax to grind.

COPELAND

That may be. But your interest in the woman -- his sister, is it? Something personal there?

MAC

We have a mutual interest, that's all. Her brother doesn't like it for some reason.

COPELAND

Then seeing her...might that not be throwing gasoline on a fire we don't need burning right now?

MAC

There's something under the surface with this cop and I need to get at it.

COPELAND

We don't assault witnesses to get a story, Mac.

MAC

I didn't assault--

Copeland puts up his hand to silence Mac's response. Copeland rises and goes to a glass-topped bar nearby, fixes a drink.

COPELAND

I got a call from New York tonight, Mac. They're...how shall I put this?...concerned...about things. They want to know if perhaps it might be best if they held off on their offer until things clear up here.

MAC

And you said...?

COPELAND

I told them to watch your broadcast tomorrow night. That they would see a story worthy of national attention, delivered by a competent journalist.

(sips his drink)

Was I wrong?

MAC

No. You weren't.

COPELAND

I hope not. I'd hate to see you lose an opportunity like that, Mac. Or jeopardize your standing here, for that matter. Are we clear on this?

Mac's cell phone rings. He pulls it from his belt, glances at the screen.

MAC

Crystal.

COPELAND

Good. Now--

MAC

--I'm sorry, Bob.

Mac moves toward the door, opens it.

MAC

(holding up the phone)

Something important's come up.

COPELAND

New lead?

A slight hesitation, then...

MAC

Yeah.

Copeland watches the door close, sighs, reaches for his drink.

INT. WPHI RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

Melissa gathers up papers from a fax machine. Mac enters.

MELISSA

That was fast.

MAC

I was upstairs when you called.
What's up?

MELISSA

(hands papers to Mac)
This just came from "Historia
Medicale" in Madrid.

Mac scans the first page, looks up at Melissa.

MAC

They're real. Malcolm Barrett's in
here.

MELISSA

Well...yeah. I mean, he was. Both
of them are dead now, I suppose, but
they were there. Look...

(flips a page)

Came into Barcelona, April 27, 1918.
Britannia Steamship Lines out of
London. Admitted as part of a joint
medical team from the U.S. and
Britain.

(flips again)

The group was based at--

MAC

(without looking)
--Santa Sophia Hospital.

MELISSA

(an odd look at Mac)
Uh...right...
(points to page)
See? In Madrid, May 9 through January
of the next year.

MAC

And then...?

MELISSA

And then nothing. No record. That's
all Madrid had. Except these.

Melissa picks up two more pieces of paper, hands them to
Mac, who gazes down at them.

MAC

(riveted)
My God.

INSERT -- TWO PHOTOGRAPHS

Photocopies of immigration photos -- one for Dr. Malcolm
Barrett, the other for Dr. Patrice Barrett. They are
identical to the Barretts in Mac and Jesse's visions.

BACK TO SCENE

MELISSA

Jesus, Mac, you look like you've just seen a ghost.

MAC

Something like that. There was nothing else?

MELISSA

No. Not on that. But...

(hands Mac a blue folder)

Holman had me put this together for you. Contacts at the Fairmount Park Mounted Police Post, the Bellevue Hotel, and Liberty Cab. Guess Martinez gave us something to go after, huh?

MAC

(nodding, but elsewhere)

Yeah.

MELISSA

He's lucky to have you on his side. You want me to call for a crew?

Mac takes both sets of information -- the blue Martinez file and the Barrett file -- and turns for the door.

MAC

Not yet. I want to think about where to go first.

(turns back to Melissa)

Great work, Melissa. You may have just saved a couple of lives.

Mac smiles, then leaves Melissa frowning after him.

MELISSA

A couple?

INT. MAC'S CAR - NIGHT

Mac sits in the car, engine running, but still in the parking garage.

Mac flicks on the overhead light, picks up the blue Martinez file, then the Barrett file, then the Martinez file again.

MAC

Fuck!

Mac flings both files to the floor, puts the car in gear and drives off.

INT. JOHN STUART'S HOME STUDY - NIGHT

A shrink's sanctuary. John sits with the Barrett file, looking at the photos. Mac sits across from John, agitatedly tying knots in a rubber band with three fingers of his right hand.

JOHN

There's nothing here that changes my conclusions, Mac.

MAC

They existed, John.

JOHN

Yeah. They existed. But it's a long way from convincing me that you have somehow witnessed another time, much less that you actually were this man.

MAC

Indulge me. Just for the sake of argument, all right?

JOHN

What do you want me to say, Mac? That you're the reincarnation of this man Barrett's soul? Listen to yourself.

MAC

I know it sounds crazy...

JOHN

Yeah, Mac. It does. Technically, it sounds like schizophrenic hallucination guided by suggestion. You could have known about the Barretts from any number of sources you've come across in your work.

MAC

Come on, John. I would have known.

JOHN

The information may not even have registered consciously -- just a footnote somewhere that your peripheral vision picked up.

MAC

Then how do you explain Jesse? She saw the same things.

JOHN

From what I understand, she's in her own hallucinatory state. She could

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

be mimicking you, being guided by you. Who knows? The only way I'll be comfortable is to get you into a controlled environment for some tests.

MAC

Ricardo Martinez can't wait for tests, John. All he has right now is me.

JOHN

Yeah. But who is that, Mac?

EXT. JOHN STUART'S HOME - DAY

Mac slips on his jacket as he leaves the house. He looks at the sunrise, checks his watch, moves to his car.

He slides into the driver's seat, picks up the blue Martinez file, flips it open, scans.

Mac closes the file, starts the car, and drives off.

INT. FAIRMOUNT PARK MOUNTED POLICE SUBSTATION - DAY

Mac and SERGEANT FRANK RISPOLI emerge from the small building. Rispoli, older, balding, and plump, is in full patrol gear.

RISPOLI

(heavy Philly accent)

We been twenty-four-seven here 'bout three years. Mayor thinks a full-time presence in the park's a "deterrent".

MAC

What do you think?

RISPOLI

I think we need a new mayor.

Rispoli indicates an oversized golf cart.

RISPOLI

C'mon. I'll take ya up there.

EXT. FAIRMOUNT PARK - CRIME SCENE - DAY

Just inside a tree line that circles a small meadow. A parking lot and the West River Drive highway can be seen through the trees.

RISPOLI

There was three of us on graveyard that night -- one man at the station, me and another patrollin'. It was just about dawn.

Rispoli points to the ground, carpeted with pine needles. Yellow crime scene tape still clings to a tree trunk.

RISPOLI

She was layin' here. Obvious she was strangled. Coroner said she'd been dead 5-6 hours when we found her, so we figured midnight, one AM.

(kicks the pine needles)

Martinez was curled up here, right next to her. Thought he was dead too, first off, then heard 'im snorin'.

MAC

He say anything?

RISPOLI

Not much. Freaked when he saw the dead girl, spit a blue streak a' Spic. Only thing he said I could understand was somethin' about what was he doin' here? Like he didn't know.

MAC

He says he was drinking downtown at the time the girl was killed.

RISPOLI

Right. And I'm Brad Pitt. If he didn't kill 'er, it's a awful big fuckin' coincidence he's sleepin' next to 'er, don'tcha think?

EXT. BELLEVUE HOTEL - DAY

Mac climbs from his car, tosses the keys to a valet, and enters.

INT. BELLEVUE HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

Mac stands in the middle of a pinball game of WAITERS and BUSBOYS hustling the lunch hour. A LINE COOK stands with him.

The Line Cook wipes his hands on a towel at his waist, points to a door nearby, propped open to a small side street.

LINE COOK

That's the only door we got back here. Guys hang out there after a shift sometimes.

MAC

You see Martinez there?

LINE COOK

Nah. But I was cleanin' up. Had a big dinner thing for some corporate outfit that night.

MAC

Anybody else see him?

LINE COOK

Look, the detectives interviewed all of us. If anybody'd remembered seein' Martinez, they'd a' said so.

Mac moves to the door, looks out left and right, then stands there a moment.

LINE COOK

I do remember a woman standin' where you are at one point. Real looker.

MAC

When was this?

LINE COOK

Don't remember exactly. I was about to leave, so it had to be kinda late. She came in from the banquet hall, lookin' for a match.

MAC

You speak to her?

LINE COOK

No. But she was talkin' to somebody outside there while she smoked. Talkin' Spanish.

MAC

Spanish? So she could have been talking to Martinez, then?

LINE COOK

Look around, pal. Nothin' but Mexicans and Dominicans workin' here. No way a' knowin' who she was talkin' to.

MAC

You know her?

LINE COOK

I wish. But she had an access badge, which means she was a client of the hotel for an event that night. I told one of the detectives about her. Check with them. Or with Catering, upstairs.

Mac guy-nods, moves out the swinging doors.

INT. BELLEVUE HOTEL CATERING OFFICE - DAY

The CATERING DIRECTOR, slim, and impeccably dressed, pulls a file from a cabinet, opens it, pulls a sheet of paper and looks at it.

CATERING DIRECTOR

This was the only event we had in the Banquet Hall that day. A corporate dinner for 300. Lovely event.

The Catering Director starts to hand the page to Mac, then pulls it back suddenly to his chest.

CATERING DIRECTOR

Wait. You're not going to put this on TV, are you? I mean, I could get in trouble, you know?

The 100-kilowatt smile.

MAC

Not at all. No one will know but us.

The Catering Director looks Mac up and down.

CATERING DIRECTOR

Well. All right, then. I'll hold you to it.

The Catering Director smiles, hands the page to Mac, who scans it.

Mac looks up, surprise on his face. He points to a section on the page.

MAC

These the clients?

The Catering Director nods.

Mac looks down at the page again, emits a low whistle.

INSERT -- CATERING CLIENT FORM

In the "Name" section can easily be seen: "International Linguistics, Inc. Contacts: Randall P. Westik and Jesse R. Winthrop."

EXT. BELLEVUE HOTEL - DAY

Mac slips the valet a bill, takes his keys. He's on his cell phone.

MAC

She could be the lynchpin, Ito. I don't have a choice.

INTERCUT -- CURBSIDE AT BELLEVUE/HOLMAN'S OFFICE AT WPHI

HOLMAN

There's always choices, Mac. This ain't a good one.

MAC

My guess is the cook'll be able to ID her. That puts her talking to someone -- in Spanish -- right around the time of the murder. You really telling me not to follow up on this?

HOLMAN

I'm tellin' you you're playin' with fire, you go lookin' for her again. Just tell the cops, let them handle it.

MAC

The cops already had it, Ito. One of them, anyway, and I have a pretty good idea who that was.

HOLMAN

You're making a mistake here, Mac. And I'm not sure it's for the right reason. Is it Martinez you're thinkin' about, or you just lookin' to see the woman again?

(beat)

Mac?...Mac, you there?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mac's car pulls from the curb and guns into traffic.

INT. JEFFERSON HOSPITAL - CENTRAL NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Mac emerges from the elevator, moves toward the hallway.

AMBER (O.S.)

Mr. Stuart.

Mac stops, turns to see Amber.

Amber takes a quick look to the empty Nurse Supervisor's office.

AMBER

Miss Winthrop's not there. She left.

MAC

When?

AMBER

Early this morning. Her mother said something about taking her home.

MAC

(dropping his voice)
You wouldn't have an address, would you?

Amber casts another nervous glance at the office.

AMBER

Oh, I don't think I should...

MAC

This is important, Amber.

Amber searches Mac's eyes, then flips the cover of a chart. She scribbles on a piece of note paper, hands it to Mac.

MAC

Thanks.

Mac moves to the elevators. As he pushes the button...

AMBER

(coquettish smile)
I put my number on there too. Just in case you need it.

Mac smiles back and nods, enters the elevator.

EXT. CITY RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Mac pulls his car to the curb, looks through the windshield at the number on a mailbox two houses up. It matches the number on the slip of paper in his hand.

As Mac is about to exit his car, the front door of the Winthrop house opens and Jimmy emerges. He walks to a car in the driveway.

Mac ducks down as Jimmy's car passes and moves up the street.

Mac exits his car and walks to the Winthrop house.

EXT. WINTHROP HOUSE PORCH - DAY

Joan Winthrop opens the door, smiling.

JOAN

You forget your keys again, Jimm...?

The smile dissolves as surprise and uncertainty mix on Joan's face.

JOAN

Mr. Stuart...

Joan glances back inside the house, then closes the door a bit.

JOAN
What are you doing here? I don't think you should--

MAC
--Please, Mrs. Winthrop. It's important that I see Jesse.

JOAN
She's not well. And after yesterday, I don't think--

JESSE (O.S.)
Who is it, Mom?

Joan stares at Mac, says nothing.

JESSE (O.S.)
Mom?

MAC
Tell her. Let her decide.

But Jesse is already at the door.

JESSE
Who's...?

Jesse stops when she sees Mac. A smile brightens her face.

INT. WINTHROP HOME - DAY

Mac and Jesse sit across from each other at a dining room table. They don't look at one another.

Joan sets a cup of coffee before each of them, goes back into the kitchen.

JESSE
This is probably not the wisest move you could have made, you know.

MAC
Probably not. But I had to see you. For a couple of reasons. I want to ask you about someone you may have met, and...

Mac reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out two pages of folded paper.

MAC
I wanted to show you these.

Mac slides the papers across the table to Jesse. They're the photos of Malcolm and Patrice Barrett.

JESSE

It's us...them.

MAC

Yeah. Those are from Madrid customs, 1918.

JESSE

Then it's real.

Mac nods.

JESSE

I've been wondering about it, Mac, about you and me, and this whole thing, what it means.

Joan enters, stands near the door with her own cup of coffee. Mac glances to her, then back to Jesse.

JESSE

I was thinking that--

MAC

--You up for taking a walk?

JOAN

Oh, Jesse, I don't know...That might not be a smart thing to do. The doctors want you to rest, and--

JESSE

(to Mac)

--A walk would be nice.

INT. WINTHROP HOME KITCHEN - DAY

Joan stands at the back door, wringing her hands. She watches as Mac and Jesse walk through a gate into a park. She then crosses her arms on her chest, turns and leaves the room.

EXT. PARK BEHIND WINTHROP HOUSE - DAY

Mac and Jesse are easy with each other. They walk slowly, lost in conversation.

JESSE

She's always wanted me to get married, provide grandkids to spoil. I think she tolerated my work because she thought I'd meet some rich international somebody.

MAC

Never happened?

JESSE

Oh, I met plenty. But no one stuck.

MAC

I could never make it below the superficial either. Always felt like I was just marking time in a relationship.

JESSE

Like you were waiting for something more to happen.

MAC

Kind of, yeah.

JESSE

Me too.

Mac stops walking. A momentary silence.

MAC

Something has.

Jesse casts a glance at Mac, lets a smile break. They walk on.

INT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER -- SQUADROOM - DAY

The squadroom buzzes. DETECTIVES work the phones, type reports, walk from here to there.

Jimmy rises from his desk, goes to a coffeepot, pours a cup, dumps in 4-5 teaspoons of sugar.

A phone rings. Kyle Phillips answers.

PHILLIPS

Special Investigations. Phillips.

Phillips raises the receiver over his head without looking up from the file on his desk.

PHILLIPS

Yo, Jimmy! Your mom on line 3.

EXT. PARK BEHIND WINTHROP HOUSE - DAY

Jesse points to a park bench just off the path.

JESSE

I need to sit.

MAC

(as they sit)
You okay?

JESSE

Uh-huh. Just get wobbly every once
in a while.

MAC

Sitting's perfect.

Jesse sits a moment, then smiles.

JESSE

Why do I feel so comfortable with
you?

MAC

My brother would say it's because
we've been melding our individual
hallucinations into one. The
familiarity supposedly comes from
that process.

JESSE

Clean. Clinical.
(beat)
Scary.

MAC

Uh-huh.

JESSE

(after a moment)
What if we chose not to accept that,
Mac? What if we instead accept that
the way we're feeling now really is
because of some...connection. What
if part of them IS part of us?

MAC

Then I'd want to know more about
them.

JESSE

Yes.
(very considered)
Mac, I don't know how much time I
have left. And when the time comes,
I don't want to be afraid. I think
I'm supposed to learn something here.
I need to know what it is.

MAC

All right.

Mac slowly sits up, takes Jesse's hand in one of his. With
his other hand, he gently touches Jesse's chin, turns her
face to his. Their eyes engage.

The maelstrom of light engulfs the park.

INT. SANTA SOPHIA HOSPITAL WARD - 1918 - DAY - MAC AND
JESSE'S VISION

Chaos. As soon as one body is removed from a cot by
ORDERLIES, another patient is dropped onto it. A horrific
assembly line of death.

A visibly exhausted Malcolm Barrett moves from one bed to
another, Arturo at his side. He wipes his brow on his sleeve,
perspiring heavily. Nearby, Patrice watches him, concerned.

The HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT enters the ward, moves quickly
to Malcolm.

SUPERINTENDENT

(Spanish accent)

Doctor Barrett, you and your wife
must come downstairs. There are
hundreds more sick in the lobby.

MALCOLM

(weakly)

Where are the others? We're not the
only doctors here.

SUPERINTENDENT

Most of them are sick, Senor. Some
of them...have died. Please, come.

Malcolm swings his arm wildly, indicating the ward.

MALCOLM

(exasperated, angry)

Where do expect us to put them, sir?
Shall we put two to a bed? Three?
Stack them on the floor? How do
you expect us to...

Malcolm suddenly turns to the wall, an explosive coughing
fit doubling him over. He gasps for breath, collapses to
his knees.

PATRICE

Malcolm! My God! Arturo!

Patrice and Arturo move quickly to Malcolm's side. He rolls
onto his back, the telltale bluish cast of influenza rising
on his face.

INT. THE BARRETT'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - 1918 - NIGHT - MAC
AND JESSE'S VISION CONTINUED

Patrice opens the door, takes a bowl of water and some small
cloths from Arturo.

PATRICE

Gracias, Arturo.

ARTURO

De nada. How is he, Senora?

Patrice shakes her head. Arturo crosses himself, bows and leaves.

Patrice closes the door and moves to the bed. Malcolm shivers under a blanket, his breath shallow, labored, and raspy. Even in the low light, the blue cast on his face is apparent.

Patrice wets a cloth, wrings it, places it across Malcolm's forehead. The coolness rouses him, his eyes flicker open.

PATRICE

There, there, my darling. Rest. I am here.

Malcolm tries to speak, but only a wheeze passes.

PATRICE

Wait, my sweet.

Patrice wets another cloth, touches it gently to Malcolm's lips. His eyes close and his brow furrows as the moisture hits his fired throat. In a moment, he looks back to her.

MALCOLM

Patrice...

PATRICE

Don't try to speak, my sweet. Just rest. We will get through this.

Malcolm shakes his head. It seems to take all his strength to do so.

MALCOLM

No...listen to me, my love.
(swallowing with
difficulty)
Time is short.

Malcolm slides his hand from under the blanket, takes Patrice's hand, pulls it to his lips and kisses it.

MALCOLM

Come...close.

Patrice bends to Malcolm, their faces inches apart. Malcolm's breaths are coming shorter and more shallow with each passing second.

Malcolm looks into Patrice's eyes, an engagement that seems to penetrate to her very soul.

MALCOLM
 (with difficulty)
 You have given me everything a man
 could hope for in this life. I leave
 fulfilled.

Patrice can no longer hold her emotions inside. Tears trace
 down her cheeks.

PATRICE
 No, my love, no...

MALCOLM
 I love you...in every corner of my
 soul. I have never loved another.
 Nor will I, my darling. Ever.

PATRICE
 (a cry from deep inside)
 No...

Malcolm's speech falls to a whisper now, but he remains eye
 to eye with Patrice, soul to soul.

MALCOLM
 Do not despair. This is not over.
 I will find you again. Sometime,
 somewhere, I will find you, my love.
 This is my promise to you...my
 promise...my...prom...

As Patrice stares into Malcolm's eyes, she sees the light go
 out in them, hears his last breath ease out. Her head falls
 to Malcolm's chest, the cry from her soul muffled by the
 blanket.

PATRICE
 No! No, no, no, no, no...

The maelstrom of light rises.

END VISION SEQUENCE

EXT. PARK BEHIND WINTHROP HOUSE - DAY

Mac and Jesse sit on the bench. Tears stream down Jesse's
 face as she and Mac stare into one another's eyes for several
 long moments. Then Jesse smiles.

JESSE
 You kept your promise, my love.

Mac kisses away Jesse's tears, then pulls her to him tightly.
 They sit wrapped around each other, either not hearing or
 ignoring the cell phone ringing in Mac's coat pocket.

INT. WPHI - HOLMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Holman slams the phone down, startling Melissa and Keller.

HOLMAN
 Goddamn it! Where the fuck is he?
 It's not like we're not dealing with
 life and death here. Jesus!

Holman turns to the window, leans on the sill. Melissa and Keller glance at each other. Keller shrugs.

When Holman turns back, he's all business.

HOLMAN
 We've lost enough time.
 (points to Keller)
 This is yours now.

MELISSA
 (jumping up)
 You can't do that!

HOLMAN
 (ignoring Melissa)
 Take a crew to the Park, then to the
 Bellevue. Pick up whatever scent
 Mac was following before he got...lost
 again.

Keller nods, stands to leave.

MELISSA
 Ito, this is Mac's story.

HOLMAN
 No, Melissa. It's always been 'PHI's
 story. And as long as Mac handled
 it responsibly for us, he owned it.
 But where the hell is he? Is he
 even thinking about this? In a matter
 of hours, Martinez will be strapped
 to a gurney, and we're operating on
 the assumption he's innocent. Would
 you put that responsibility in the
 hands of someone you can't trust
 anymore?

MELISSA
 But--

KELLER
 (to Melissa)
 --I'll need a PA on this, Mel. That
 gonna be you?

Melissa looks from Keller to Holman, then back to Keller. Reluctantly, she nods, follows Keller from the room.

INT. WINTHROP HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jesse lowers herself to the couch. It's obvious she's weak.

Mac sits next to her. Joan watches from across the room.

MAC

I have to go.

JESSE

Will you be coming back?

MAC

I didn't come all this way just to leave you again.

Mac pulls a something from his coat.

MAC

Before I go...I need to ask you about something I mentioned earlier.

Mac shows her a picture of Martinez.

MAC

Have you ever seen this man before?

JESSE

Ricardo Martinez, isn't it? I've seen him on the news.

MAC

Yes. Martinez. Do you remember him?

JESSE

Where would I have seen him?

MAC

At the Bellevue Hotel. A little over a year ago, after your company's event, maybe midnight or later. You may have spoken in Spanish with him outside the kitchen, helped him into a cab.

Jesse stares at the photo, then glances to Joan.

JESSE

I don't remember much about that night...

Joan smiles sadly. Mother and daughter pass a private moment between their eyes.

JOAN

(quietly)

That was the night she collapsed the first time, Mr. Stuart...when they found the tumor. It caused a vessel rupture in her brain. She was in surgery until morning.

MAC

What time did she...did it happen?

JOAN

The hospital called me about one-thirty or two in the morning, so a bit before that, I suppose.

(moves to Jesse)

Is this really necessary? Can't you see she's--

JESSE

--It's all right, Mom.

(to Mac)

I do remember being there. The kitchen. And I vaguely remember a taxi. But I speak Spanish all the time, Mac. It might all just be mixed up memories.

(glances again at the picture)

The last year's such a blur of surgery and chemo. I may have seen him, I don't know. I'm sorry.

MAC

It's alright. I understand.

JOAN

I think you should go now.

Mac nods, moves to the door. As Joan opens it, Mac turns to Jesse.

MAC

In every corner of my soul.

Jesse smiles and nods.

EXT. WINTHROP HOUSE - DAY

Joan begins to close the front door. Mac steps from the porch but stops short as Jimmy's car screeches to a stop in the driveway.

Jimmy bolts from the car, grabs Mac. Phillips exits the passenger side and starts around the car.

Jimmy shoves Mac across the car's hood.

JIMMY
You don't learn, do you?

MAC
Listen to me!

JIMMY
Shut the fuck up!

Jesse appears at the front door. Joan tries to hold her.

JESSE
Jimmy! Stop it!

JIMMY
You're under arre...

Mac frees an arm, shoves Jimmy backward.

MAC
I think your sister can ID Martinez,
Winthrop! She was at the hotel that
night and I think you know it...

Phillips grabs Mac from behind, pulls his arms behind his
back.

PHILLIPS
Come on, Stuart...

MAC
(to Phillips)
He knows there's an alib...

Jimmy's fist slams into Mac's jaw, dropping him like a bag
of peat moss to the driveway, unconscious.

Jesse screams, tries to break away from Joan.

JESSE
Oh, my God, no!

JIMMY
(to Joan)
Get her in the house. Now. Now!

Joan wraps her arms around Jesse, who doesn't have the
strength to resist. They move back inside, with Jesse near
hysteria.

PHILLIPS
(cuffing Mac)
Better take him to the ER...get him
checked out. Don't want any lawsuits.

Jimmy nods. He and Phillips muscle a groggy Mac into the
back seat, then move to get into the car themselves.

PHILLIPS

What was he talkin' about an alibi,
Jimmy?

JIMMY

Forget it. He's a fuckin' nutcase,
Kyle. Let's go.

They climb into the car. Jimmy backs from the driveway,
floors it up the street.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

A UNIFORMED OFFICER stands just outside the door. Arnold
Hutchinson approaches.

HUTCHINSON

Can I talk to the brother?

The Uniformed Officer nods, opens the door. Inside the room,
Mac sits on a gurney in his shirtsleeves, holding an ice
pack to his jaw. John Stuart stands near him.

HUTCHINSON

(to John)

Can I see you a minute?

JOHN

(to Mac)

I'll be right back.

Mac nods once, lies down on the gurney. John comes out of
the room. The Uniformed Officer closes the door.

John and Hutchinson take a few steps to the left, look into
the room at Mac through a large window.

HUTCHINSON

How is he?

JOHN

A few cobwebs. We started him on
some lithium.

HUTCHINSON

What's that?

JOHN

Anti-psychotic. Typical for
schizophrenia. When can we leave?

HUTCHINSON

Well, they won't release him to me
this time. He's violated the terms
of his bail. But I convinced a judge
to release him into psychiatric care,
and that's you. You all right with
that?

JOHN

I'll admit him to McClendon as my patient.

HUTCHINSON

Good. We need to low-profile him.

Hutchinson looks back to Mac in the Exam room.

HUTCHINSON

Damn. It's such a delicate balance isn't it? One day you're fine, next day, an extra molecule of something in your brain and you're...

(looks at John)

Well. Good luck.

John nods.

Hutchinson leaves.

John looks back at Mac in the room, shakes his head.

INT. JOHN STUART'S CAR - NIGHT

John drives. Mac's in the passenger seat, rubbing his jaw.

MAC

Where we going?

JOHN

(after a moment)

I'm taking you to McClendon, Mac.

MAC

Like hell!

JOHN

It's for your own good. And it's the only way I could keep you out of jail.

MAC

I'm not going in there, John. I don't belong there.

JOHN

Mac, you don't have a choice. This has gone too far now. Look, I'm the only person even willing to listen to this incredible tale you've spun, and I don't...I can't...Mac, it's just not real. It never has been. How can I make you see that?

Mac looks at his brother for several moments, then speaks calmly, quietly.

MAC

You asked me the other day why I haven't settled down with someone. I didn't know how to answer you then, but I do now. It's because love's never felt real to me. It never had substance. I never felt a truth. I've spent my entire professional life looking for the truth, John. From the first day I stepped in front of a camera -- find the truth, believe in it when you're certain you have, tell it fearlessly. It's the core of who I am and what I do. Whoever Jesse Winthrop is, whatever is passing between us, there's substance there, a truth more profound than any I've felt before. That's what I recognize in her, and why it's so real to me. If I accept what you're saying -- that I'm sick, that what I'm experiencing with her isn't real, then I have to accept that my sense of what's true is flawed. I won't be able to trust myself ever again. And I can't do that, John. I just can't do that.

They drive on silently for a long while, staring through the windshield. Finally, John takes a deep breath, lets it out.

JOHN

You're traveling down a dangerous road, Mac. And I'm sorry, because however it plays out to you, I see it as the same road Dad went down. I love you too much to let you do that. And beyond that, it would be professionally irresponsible of me.

John brakes at a light on busy street corner. Mac pulls the handle on the passenger door, pushing it open.

MAC

Then I relieve you of the responsibility.

Mac jumps from the car, moves to the sidewalk.

JOHN

Mac! Hey...!

John turns in his seat, tries to see Mac through the back window.

The light changes. The cars behind John blare their horns. John quickly pulls to the curb.

John climbs from the car, trying to see where Mac has gone, but Mac has already disappeared into the crowd.

INT. WPHI - HOLMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Holman, Keller, and Melissa pour over files and records on the desk.

HOLMAN

You find the cook?

KELLER

Found a lot of 'em. But none that saw Martinez, and none of 'em remembers a woman. I don't know, Ito. This may all be a pipedream of Mac's, you ever think of that? Martinez might just be guilty as charged.

HOLMAN

The thought has crossed my mind. What about the cab angle?

MELISSA

(hands a file to Holman)
That's the entire fare record for that night. No pickups from any side streets near the Bellevue.

HOLMAN

Could the driver have just logged it as a Bellevue pickup?

KELLER

I cross-checked that. No pickups there between eleven-thirty and two A.M. that we can't account for. No drunk Martinez.

MAC (O.S.)

The driver probably went off-meter so he could take the drunk in the back for more than the fare. There'd be no record.

Holman, Keller, and Melissa look to the door, where Mac stands.

MELISSA

Mac! You okay?

Mac smiles and nods at her. He moves into the room, reaches for a chair. Holman stands.

HOLMAN

Don't.

MAC

Don't what?

HOLMAN

Don't sit down. You can't be here.

MAC

Come on, Ito. Where else am I gonna be? Martinez goes on the gurney in five hours, and you guys are looking under the wrong rocks. I know where we've got to go with this, and we don't have a lot of time.

Holman discreetly pushes a button under the lip of his desk.

HOLMAN

And where's that?

MAC

Jesse Winthrop. She's Martinez's alibi, and we can--

HOLMAN

--I thought so. Mac, you've got to leave.

MAC

Bullshit! Not until we get Jesse's statement on camera and confront Jimmy Winthrop!

HOLMAN

Mac, we're legally restrained from talking to either of them, thanks to you.

MAC

So what? This is about a man's life--

HOLMAN

(raising his voice)

--Mac, you've been suspended.

MAC

(stunned)

What?

Mac looks to Melissa and Keller. Stone faces look back.

MAC

What about tonight's "Journal"?

HOLMAN

Not your concern.

MAC

Not my concern? It's my show!

HOLMAN

Not any more. Copeland made the call earlier tonight. You're out, Keller's taking over.

(beat)

New York pulled it's offer too.

MAC

Come on, Ito...

HOLMAN

I'm sorry. It's out of my hands.

MAC

(holding Holman's eyes)

But you'd have made the same call, right? You think I'm nuts too.

HOLMAN

Take some time off, Mac. Get some help. But you've got to go now. You don't work here anymore.

Holman points toward the door, where RONNIE, a well-built security guard, has appeared. Ronnie gestures toward the newsroom exit.

RONNIE

I'm sorry about this, Mr. Stuart. But I have to escort you out of the building.

MAC

It's okay, Ronnie.

Mac turns and walks to the elevators, followed by Ronnie. NEWS STAFF stop, look up, watch him go. Mac keeps his eyes straight ahead.

Mac enters a waiting elevator, turns and leans against the wall. He watches the still newsroom burst into motion as the doors slowly slide closed in front of him.

INT. CLYDE'S - NIGHT

Mac sits at the end of the bar, nursing a scotch, Clyde nearby. They watch a TV newscast about protesters outside the prison where Martinez's execution is just hours away.

CLYDE

You want another?

MAC

(nods)

Same ice.

Clyde refreshes the drink, leans on the bar, as Mac picks up a rubber band and starts absentmindedly tying knots in it with three fingers of his right hand.

CLYDE

Look on the bright side, mate. I'll give ya a job here, bartendin'. The chicks'll fall all over themselves to get in. We'll die happy.

Behind Mac, the front door opens. A moment later, Bennie, the corner newsman, slides onto a stool next to Mac. He drops a stack of papers on the bar.

BENNIE

(to Mac)

Evening editions. Thought you'd wanna see 'em.

MAC

Thanks, Bennie. What do I owe you?

BENNIE

Nuthin'. On the house.

(to Clyde)

Gimme a short one, Clyde.

(a moment later, to
Mac)

True what I'm hearin'? 'Bout you and the station partin' company?

Mac nods.

Bennie sips the beer Clyde sets in front of him, indicates the TV.

BENNIE

Guy didn't turn out to be innocent, I guess.

MAC

What do you mean?

BENNIE

Well, don't figure you for sittin' here if he was.

MAC

Not that simple, Bennie.

BENNIE

Sure it is. He is or he isn't. Which is it?

MAC

I think he's innocent.

BENNIE
Why you here, then?

MAC
People think I'm crazy, Bennie.

BENNIE
What's that got to do with it? We're all crazy to somebody, ain't we? Look at me. Fifty-three-year-old newsboy. I got a kid wants to go to Harvard Medical. I'm gonna see to it he does. Crazy, right?

MAC
Some might say so.

BENNIE
Not to me. Not to my boy. It ain't over 'til you say it is, Mac. That's how I look at it.

Mac looks at Bennie a moment, who looks at the TV, sipping his beer.

Mac suddenly stands, pulls a wad of bills from his pocket, smacks them on the bar in front of Benny.

MAC
You're absolutely right, Benny.
(points at the bills)
Those are for Harvard. And thanks.

And Mac is out the door.

BENNIE
(smiling, to himself)
Just two newsmen tryin' to help each other out.

INT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - MAIN SQUADROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVES, phones, coffee, jackets over backs of chairs.

Mac enters, spots Jimmy Winthrop and Kyle Phillips at their desks, and moves to them. Jimmy looks up as Mac reaches him, stands.

JIMMY
What the hell are you doin' here?
You're supposed to be in the loony bin.
(to Phillips)
Gimme a hand, Kyle...

Phillips stands. Mac puts up both hands.

MAC

Come on, guys. There's 200 cops in this building. How much less of a threat do I have to be to talk to you for two minutes?

A five-second Mexican standoff.

PHILLIPS

Let's hear 'im out, Jimmy.

Jimmy looks at Phillips, then notices the other detectives are listening.

JIMMY

Not here.
(points to a small
interrogation room)
In there.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Phillips closes the door, leans against it. Jimmy and Mac face one another across a butt-burned, Formica-topped table.

JIMMY

Thirty seconds, Stuart. Then I'm callin' for a wagon.

MAC

I think Martinez is innocent and I think Jesse can--

JIMMY

--Leave her out of this!

MAC

She's in it, Lieutenant. And I think you've known it for a year.

JIMMY

I said leave my sister out of this.

MAC

She was there that night. There are records.

JIMMY

(moving for the door)
We're done here.

MAC

(to Phillips)
Ask your partner about the line cook, detective. You see any mention of an interview with a cook in the report he filed that night?

Jimmy pushes past Mac.

JIMMY

I said we're done, you sonuvabitch.

MAC

The line cook saw a woman talking to someone in Spanish at the time that girl was supposed to have been killed in the park. Want to bet he can ID Jesse as that woman?

JIMMY

(to Phillips)

Take him down to holding before I clock 'im again, Kyle.

Phillips remains in front of the door.

PHILLIPS

What's he talkin' about, Jimmy?

Jimmy eyes Phillips.

JIMMY

Let it go, Kyle.

PHILLIPS

(more insistent)

What's he talkin' about, Jimmy? You didn't tell me about any line cook. There evidence we didn't--?

JIMMY

--Martinez don't even remember that night, Kyle!

MAC

He remembers enough, Winthrop. And so does Jesse. I don't know who killed that girl in Fairmount Park, but we both know it wasn't Martinez.

Jimmy is still eye to eye with Phillips.

JIMMY

Who you gonna believe, Kyle? A fuckin' nutjob and a scumbag perp, or your partner?

PHILLIPS

I thought we always believed the evidence, Jimmy. ALL the evidence.

Another moment of clenched jaw and hard stare, then Jimmy pushes past Phillips and leaves the room.

PHILLIPS

(looking to Mac)

You got any way to prove what you're sayin'?

MAC

Only thing I'm missing is the cabbie who lifted Martinez's money and dumped him in a parking lot off the West River Drive. My guess is Martinez stumbled into the woods and literally fell over the body and passed out. You could come up with the cab driver if you apply a little pressure. And I think he'll tell you it was well after the time the girl was murdered.

PHILLIPS

Why should I believe you over my partner?

MAC

I think you already do.

Phillips considers a moment, eyeball to eyeball with Mac.

PHILLIPS

I need to see the Chief of D's.

INT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Phillips, Mac, and Chief of Detectives CURTIS JEFFRIES emerge from Jeffries' office. Everything about Jeffries, African-American, is oversized -- height, breadth, personality.

JEFFRIES

(to Phillips)

I want that cabbie. Without him, I got nothing to take to the judge but what Stuart here's assumin'. And assumin' don't work for me. Take a couple men if you need 'em.

PHILLIPS

Right.

Phillips moves off, as Jeffries and Mac walk into the

INT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - MAIN SQUADROOM - NIGHT

Jeffries' bellow cuts like a bomb blast.

JEFFRIES

Winthrop!

A YOUNG DETECTIVE turns in his seat.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
He got a call couple minutes ago.
Took off like a bat outta hell.

JEFFRIES
To where?

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Don't know, Chief.

JEFFRIES
Find him.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Yes Sir.

The Young Detective rises, grabs his coat, leaves the room.

JEFFRIES
(to Mac)
And you, Mr. Stuart. You're not
here. I don't see you. 'Cause if I
did, I'd have to take you into
custody, you dig?

MAC
Yeah. Thanks.

Mac heads for the door.

JEFFRIES
And Stuart...
(beat)
Do as good a job on this as you did
on us. You hearin' me?

Mac nods.

JEFFRIES
I'll be in touch.

Jeffries heads back up the hall. Mac heads for the door.

EXT. ROUNDHOUSE POLICE CENTER - NIGHT

Mac emerges, cell phone to ear.

MAC
Just trust me, Ito, will you? They're
going after the cabbie right now.
They got a judge waiting. Call
Jeffries at the Roundhouse if you
don't believe me.

INTERCUT -- MAC ON STREET/HOLMAN IN HIS WPHI OFFICE

HOLMAN

I shouldn't even be talking to you,
Mac. You're a fugitive under
psychiatric care.

MAC

Sniff the air, Ito. You're a newsman.
You smell it? The fuse on the biggest
story in the nation's burning right
here, right now, and we have the
single ringside seat.

Holman turns to the window in his office, almost like he's
taking a sniff. He turns back abruptly.

HOLMAN

Meet the crew at the prison. I'll
be with them. I'll call you when
we're five minutes out.

Mac snaps his cell phone closed, hails a cab, climbs in.

INT. CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

Mac leans forward over the front seat.

MAC

(to the DRIVER)

Graterford Prison. As fast as you
can get me there. And let me borrow
your pen and clipboard, will you?

The Driver hands Mac the board. Mac flips a paper and starts
jotting notes.

Mac's cell phone rings. He pulls it from his pocket, flips
it open and answers without looking up from his writing.

MAC

You can't be there already...

Mac stops writing, looks up.

MAC

Yes, it's Mac Stuart.

(beat)

Jesus. When?

(beat)

What hospital?

(beat)

Yes. All right. Yes.

Mac closes his phone, spends several moments looking at the
city passing by.

MAC
(quietly, to the Driver)
Change of plans. Take me to
University of Pennsylvania Hospital.
And hurry, please.

Mac slumps back into the seat, lets the clipboard slide from his lap.

INT. U. OF PENN. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - ONCOLOGY WING - NIGHT

Mac walks briskly up the hall, slows when he sees Jimmy Winthrop leaning against the doorjamb of a room.

Jimmy straightens as Mac approaches. But all the fire's gone. He looks deflated.

JIMMY
Stuart.

MAC
Joan called.

JIMMY
I told her to.

Mac stares at Jimmy a moment. He's snapped out of it when his cell phone rings. He pulls it from his belt, looks at the screen.

JIMMY
You better get in there.

Mac hands the cell phone to Jimmy.

MAC
Don't answer that.

Jimmy nods, pushes open the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mac enters the large room. Jesse's under white blankets on a bed. She looks small and frail, asleep. Joan sits bedside with Jesse's hand in hers.

A NIGHT NURSE checks an IV drip, pushes a button on a monitor, then turns and leaves the room.

Joan stands and comes to Mac. Her eyes are red, she holds a handkerchief.

JOAN
She's been asking for you.

MAC
How is she?

JOAN
They say it's...

More words won't come. Just quiet tears.

Mac touches Joan's shoulder, then moves to the bed. He glances at the IV drip, notices the word "Morphine" written across the bag.

Mac sits gingerly on the bed, takes Jesse's hand, leans close to her ear.

MAC
(whispers)
I'm here.

Jesse stirs, opens her eyes, searches -- she can't focus. But her eyes eventually find Mac's and engage.

For the slightest moment, the maelstrom of light begins to spin, but quickly dissipates. Mac and Jesse stare at each other without change.

JESSE
We're both here now, aren't we?

MAC
Yes. Finally.

Jesse smiles weakly, but for only a second. Her eyes close as a wave of pain crosses her face. When she opens her eyes again, she searches Mac's face.

JESSE
Who do you see when you look at me?
Jesse...or Patrice?

Mac looks deeply at her. A touch of a smile.

MAC
Neither. Both.

JESSE
What do...
(a difficult swallow,
a shallow breath)
...you mean?

MAC
I mean, I don't see one or the other. There's a different sense at work, I think. I just know it's you. I feel...you. It doesn't matter what life you're wearing. I would know you in a pitch black room.
(fighting to maintain)
You...are...my love.

A tear begins its trace down Jesse's cheek.

JESSE

I am so sorry.

MAC

Don't.

Mac's eyes begin to flood.

MAC

It's not your fault.

Jesse reaches up and tries to catch Mac's tears as they spill from the corners of his eyes.

MAC

It's just...I have been waiting so long for you and didn't even know it. Now to lose you just when I've awakened and found you...

Jesse puts her finger to Mac's lips. She then pulls Mac's hand to her own lips, then holds it to her heart.

JESSE

We found each other across a century and an ocean, didn't we? We will find each other again.

Jesse's eyes go out of focus, her face goes slack, but she fights her way back to Mac's eyes.

JESSE

You must believe that. Somewhere, sometime...someone will turn his head...and I will be there. And I will smile again at you, my love...I will...smile...And you will know me...I give that promise back to you.

Jesse's eyes lose focus, her voice barely a whisper.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I love you...with all...my heart...

Mac leans to her, whispers in her ear.

MAC

And I love you...in every corner of my soul.

Mac brushes Jesse's lips with his own, holds the kiss for several seconds. When he rises, Jesse's gone.

The only sound in the room is Joan weeping into her handkerchief.

INT. ONCOLOGY AMENITIES LOUNGE - NIGHT

A small, dim room off the main Oncology hallway. An old round clock on the wall silently says it's ten to midnight.

Mac sits alone, slumped in a chair, staring straight forward. He seems shell-shocked, in a trance.

Across the room, a television is on, the sound low. On the screen, Steve Keller stands in front of the main gates of Graterford Prison, jubilant protesters around him.

A banner across the bottom of the screen proclaims, "Philadelphia Journal Exclusive".

KELLER

(on screen)

...and so, with barely 30 minutes remaining to his life, Ricardo Martinez was informed that a stay of execution was ordered by the Appellate Court pending the presentation of dramatic new evidence in the case, evidence obtained by "Philadelphia Journal". Martinez has been returned to his cell in the main prison building, leaving the executioner's gurney empty for now.

Jimmy Winthrop quietly enters the room, slides into a chair next to Mac. Mac doesn't move.

KELLER

(on screen)

The new evidence was presented to the court by Chief of Detectives Curtis Jeffries and the District Attorney at about eleven-thirty-five tonight. Chief Jeffries is here with us. Chief Jeffries...

The shot on the TV widens to reveal Jeffries with Keller.

As Keller begins to interview Jeffries, Jimmy speaks, his eyes still on the screen.

JIMMY

(quietly)

I didn't want her to go through it.

(a long beat)

She'd just had brain surgery, was puking up her guts from the chemo. Lost her hair. I just didn't want her to have to go through a trial.

MAC

You knew, then.

JIMMY

I put the pieces together, just like you did. Only difference was, you were gonna tell somebody. I couldn't let you do that.

MAC

Why?

JIMMY

I know what those fucks in the Prosecutor's Office do, Stuart. I've helped 'em do it, for Chrissakes. They'd'a torn into her on the stand, tryin' to break down the alibi. They'd'a let the whole world see her sick, lookin' like she did. They'd'a embarrassed her, ruined whatever dignity she had left. I couldn't let them do that.

MAC

So you let an innocent man--

JIMMY

--Innocent a' this, maybe. Not innocent. You ever bother to look at his record in Mexico? A piece a' shit. Drugs, prostitution, suspicion a' murder. I just figured things caught up with him, that's all.

(beat)

I just figured better him than Jesse.

Jimmy stands and moves toward the door.

MAC

So what now?

JIMMY

Who knows? Internal Affairs wants to talk to me. I'm guessin' I pretty much blew my pension.

MAC

(looks back to the TV)

Yeah. Me too.

INT. HIGH-RISE CONDO HALLWAY - DAY

John Stuart approaches the doors to Mac's condo. He tries the doorknob. Locked. He reaches above the doorjamb for the key. Not there.

John knocks on the door.

JOHN

Mac. It's John.

Another knock.

JOHN

Mac. You in there?

INT. MAC'S CONDO - DAY

It's dim. Shades are drawn, no lights on.

Mac sits on the couch, head back on a pillow, staring at the ceiling. He's in the same clothes he wore at the hospital. Three fingers of his right hand tie knots in a shoelace.

JOHN (O.S.)

(knocking again)

Mac. Come on, man. Open the door.
We need to talk.

A harder bang on the door.

JOHN (O.S.)

Mac!

Mac's eyes close.

INT. MAC'S CONDO BATHROOM - DAY

Mac pulls a tie up tight, slips on his suit jacket, looks at himself in the mirror.

He picks up a prescription bottle of pills, looks at it. "LITHIUM" is clearly seen on the label.

Mac looks back at himself in the mirror, studying his own eyes. He then tosses the prescription bottle in the trash can and leaves the room.

EXT. ALL SAINTS CEMETERY - DAY

The ceremony is over. Joan, Jimmy, other FRIENDS and FAMILY file past the grave and place roses across the mahogany casket.

As Jimmy leaves, his arm around Joan, he looks over to Mac and guy-nods. Mac returns the acknowledgement.

Mac hangs back until everyone has left the area.

He walks to the casket, looks down at it. He then reaches out and places his hand on the wood.

Time suddenly stops, the maelstrom of light begins to spin...

EXT. SPANISH CEMETERY - 1918 - DAY - MAC'S VISION

Patrice stoops over an unmarked mound of earth, weeping quietly. Her hand rests on the earth of the grave.

PATRICE
 (whispering)
 I'll be waiting.

END VISION

EXT. ALL SAINTS CEMETERY - DAY

The maelstrom evaporates as Mac jerks his hand from Jesse's casket. He looks around to see if anyone saw, uncertainty -- perhaps a bit of fear -- on his face.

INT. WHIP NEWSROOM - MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Mac is packing things in boxes -- books, plaques from the wall, mementos from the desk.

Melissa enters, carrying an empty box.

MELISSA
 Found another one for you.

MAC
 Thanks.

MELISSA
 Need some help?

MAC
 Sure.

Melissa starts taking books from a shelf and packing them in the box she just brought in.

MELISSA
 What are you gonna do, Mac? I mean,
 if I can ask.

MAC
 I'm thinking about writing a book.

MELISSA
 Chronicling your days in broadcasting?

MAC
 (smiles briefly)
 No. Something a little more personal.

MELISSA
 (carefully)
 About Spain? 1918?

Mac nods.

MELISSA
 And her?

Mac nods again.

MELISSA

You still think it was real, then?

Mac and Melissa stare at each other a moment.

They both go back to packing.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is bare, two stacks of boxes near the door.

A JANITOR is just putting one of the stacks on a handtruck and pulling it from the room.

JANITOR

Be back for the other one in a minute,
Mr. Stuart.

Mac nods. He sits behind the desk, feet up, absentmindedly doing his three-finger knot thing with a rubber band.

Melissa sits on the credenza, leaning on a box of files, a manila folder in her hands, reading.

MAC

What's that you're buried in?

MELISSA

Some of the research I put together
for you on Malcolm Barrett. Don't
think you ever saw it. Pretty
interesting guy, really.

MAC

How so?

MELISSA

Well, it says here he was a surgeon
before he left for Spain. Head of
Thoracic Surgery at a teaching
hospital in New York.

MAC

Uh-huh.

Mac tosses the knotted-up rubber band in the trash, picks up another and begins again.

MELISSA

Did you know he was given a
commendation by the AMA?

MAC

No. For what?

MELISSA

Some surgical technique he developed.

(MORE)

MELISSA (CONT'D)

(reads from the file)

"Barrett solved the problem of suturing in deep and unworkable surgical fields by developing a technique for tying gut sutures using only the middle three fingers of one hand, a technique that is now considered standard procedure..."

Mac and Melissa look up at each other at exactly the same moment. The rubber band slips from Mac's fingers.

INT. MAC'S CONDO - DAY

SUPER: "FOURTEEN MONTHS LATER"

Mac is opening a large box sitting on his desk. He has a phone wedged between ear and shoulder.

He pulls a hardbound book from the box, looks it over. The title is SOULMATES.

MAC

Yeah. Just got 'em. Looks great.
When do they hit the stores?

(beat)

Good.

(beat)

Yeah, what about it?

Mac opens the book to the last page, looks at it, sets the open book on the desk.

MAC

We went over this when you brokered the deal, Aaron. It's the way I wanted to do it. Everybody accepted it then. I don't see why...

(beat)

Yeah, well, I don't care what the critics say. I only care about telling the story I think needs to be told. Let the public decide for themselves what they think.

(beat)

Yeah, okay. Thanks.

Mac punches off the phone, drops it on the desk.

He picks up a rubber band from the blotter, turns to the window, looks out over the Philly skyline. He ties knots in the rubber band with three fingers of his right hand.

After a moment, he brings his right hand up, looks at the knots he's tied in the rubber band.

A smile crosses Mac's face. His jaw sets. He puts the knotted rubber band down carefully on the last page of the open book.

INSERT: THE LAST PAGE OF THE BOOK:

Beneath the rubber band on the page, it's easy to read:

"CHAPTER 35.
Soon to be written. And it will not
be the end..."

BACK TO SCENE

Mac picks up a picture frame from the desk, looks at it. It's a picture of Jesse. He sets it back down on the desk, just to the right of the open book and just to the left of the butt of a nine-millimeter handgun.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BIG-BOX BOOKSTORE - DAY

A bustling street. A steady stream of PEDESTRIANS pass the large display windows of the bookstore.

Inside the window, top to bottom, side to side, posters and stacks of books announce the arrival of MacKenzie Stuart's runaway bestseller, SOULMATES.

Several Pedestrians peel from the stream and enter the store.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

A long, high bookcase just inside the doors displays Mac's book. A couple of CUSTOMERS stand at the shelf, browsing through the book.

CUSTOMER #1, female, walks to the display, picks up a book and takes it to the check-out counter, hands it to the CASHIER, a young male, who scans the book and bags it.

CASHIER

That'll be twenty-nine ninety-five.

As Customer #1 hands the Cashier her credit card, her attention is pulled into the broadcast on a television playing behind the counter.

Mike Keller sits at the "Evening News" anchor desk. A picture of Mac is supered into the upper right corner of the screen.

CUSTOMER #1

Hey, look. They're talking about
Mac Stuart. Could you turn that up?

The Cashier leans over, turns up the volume on the TV.

KELLER

(on screen, a somber
tone)

...with great sadness that we tell you that popular WPHI investigative reporter and best-selling author MacKenzie Stuart was found dead in his home earlier this morning, an apparent victim of a self-inflicted gunshot wound. Stuart, who retired from broadcasting a little over a year ago, was said to have been battling mental illness.

An interview clip replaces Keller on the screen. It's John Stuart, the words "John Stuart -- Brother, Psychiatrist" supered on the lower third of the screen.

JOHN

(on screen, somber)

Our family's had a long history of struggles with schizophrenia. We had hoped that Mac was controlling his condition, but it looks like he'd gone off his medication some time ago. We're all devastated, as I'm sure most of Philadelphia is. He was a favorite son, for sure.

Keller comes back on the screen.

KELLER

(on screen)

Funeral arrangements have not been announced. In other news...

The Cashier turns the TV off.

CUSTOMER #1

How sad. Just when things were going well for him.

CASHIER

Yeah. Sometimes people just don't know how good they have it. I don't know how you could think you'd be happier leavin' this life, you know?

Customer #1 nods and leaves as the Cashier reaches for the next checkout.

EXT. CITY PLAYGROUND - DAY

A windy Fall day. A couple of dozen KIDS run around the slides, see-saws, and swings, laughing and screaming.

MOMS sit nearby on benches, or push their kids on swings.

A YOUNG BOY, 4-5 years old, takes his turn down a tall slide. When he lands at the bottom, he immediately begins to run back for another turn.

The Young Boy stops, as though someone had called his name. He slowly turns and looks to his left.

Ten feet away, a YOUNG GIRL, 4-5 years old, stands near the see-saw. She looks intently at the Young Boy.

As the Young Boy sees the Young Girl, their eyes engage.

A swirling maelstrom of wind kicks up leaves around them as they move toward one another, smiles breaking on their faces.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END